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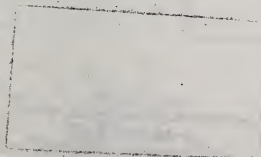
AND

BETHLEHEM SCHOOL.
PENNSYLVANIA.

BY

C. B. MORTIMER,

AUTHOR OF "MORTON MONTAGCE."



NEW YORK:
STANFORD & DELISSER, 508 BROADWAY.
1858.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following sketches of "Bethlehem and Bethlehem School," in presenting the First Series to the public, deems it proper to state that it is no work of fiction, written to amuse and while away a passing hour, but altogether what it professes to be—simple narrations of facts of the different individual characters mentioned, leaflets of memory from the pages of childhood. Most of them, it will be perceived, are of Teachers and Scholars, contemporaries of mine at the School, to one and all of whom I dedicate this volume, with the hope thereby of not only thus recalling myself to their remembrance, but that the perusal of these by-gones of ours may be as productive of pleasure to these former school associates of mine at Bethlehem, as this simple record of "Auld Lang Syne" reminiscences has afforded me in penning them.



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	PAGE
KATIE SULLIVAN AND SISTER MOCK,	84
The Farmer and his Wife.—The Brother and Sister.—Prejudices.—The Stepmother.—Katie.—Sister Mock.—A Character.—Disposition.—Insult.—Threatened Revenge.—Sister H.—Expostulation.—The Secret Resolve.—The Sisters' Festival.—The Proposition.—The Robbery.—The Discovery.—Passion.—Opprobrious Epithets.—Visitors.—Maggie Slocum.—Invitation to Tea.—The Secret Meeting.—Katie's Oath.—Preparation.—The Disguise.—The Trick.—Katie's nice Tea.—The Surprise.—The Suspected.—Influence of a Character.—Appreciation.—Improvement.—Effect of Kindness.—Proposed Amusement.—Exhibition.—Katie's Performance.—Another Insult.—Consequence.—The Revenge.—Remorse.—Penitence.—Confession.—Forgiveness.—Good Qualities.—The Runaways.—Katie's Godmother.—The Legacy.—Retribution.—Reunion.	
SISTER MARIA,	135
The Black and White Sisters.—The Difference.—The Separation.—A painful Rumor.—Sad Facts.—The Slavemother's Death.—Maria's Agony.—Ravings.—Sympathy.—The Promise.—Sensitiveness.—Talent Developed.—Music and Singing.—Painful Recognition.—Agitation.—The Father's Brother.—The Uncle's Ward.—Poor Betsey.—A proposed Gift.—One Hundred Dollars.—The Piano.—A new Situation.—The little West Indian.—Mary Young.—The Musical Soiree.—The Prima Donna.—The Demon.—The Performance.—The foul Fiend working.—The unsuspecting Teacher.—Poor Sister Maria.—The Envenomed Dart.—Death-blow.—The Victim.—That dark stain.—The wailing of a breaking heart.—Anticipations of Heaven.—Remorse of Mary Young.—Repentance.—The Stinger and the Stung.—Fancies of the Dying.—The Conflict and the Result.—Prayer and Pardon.—Sister Maria's last Lay.—The bruised Spirit at rest.—The Human Scourge.	
LIZZIE GOULD,	182
A restless and unquiet Nature.—Carrying on.—Eccentricities.—Bygone Years.—Fun and Frolic.—Mischiefs.—The Bull.—A way to get Apples.—A Sam Patch Leap.—The Pumping Frolic.—Sport and Enjoyment.—The Alarm.—The Luckless Offender.—Sommambulism.—The Accident.—Removal from School.	
DADDY THOMAS,	199
The Daddy of Daddies.—Delineation of Character.—The Daddy and the little Girls.—Forbidden Fruit.—The Stolen Kiss.—The Arrival.—The Lady.—Little Lina.—The print of the dear Old Hand.	

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Who has not heard of Bethlehem?—its School, or its various Institutions?—or rather, where is there a district of inhabited country of any extent, in any of the old States especially, which does not contain at least an individual possessed of some knowledge of the place or people—or had some connection or acquaintance to sojourn there, either as visitor or pupil, in this cradle of the Moravian Society in the New World—this nursery of their missionary effort in America, and this principal and favorite gathering resort of their people from Europe.

This settlement of the Moravians was commenced in 1741,—hence it is now nearly one hundred and twenty years old. It was settled in the same way as most of the settlements of the Society originally were—namely, by a colony of their own people, and with the understanding that it was to be in every sense of the word a Moravian settlement; to secure which object they made a purchase of sufficient land, for the purpose of enabling them to

conduct all the various business of life, including farming, among themselves, upon their own united property, and, of course, under their especial ecclesiastical jurisdiction and influence.

This party of Moravians, however, did not directly go to this place from their native land, it being their intention when they left Europe to locate themselves elsewhere. In truth these persons were the first of their Society who emigrated to this country—and they came all together for missionary purposes—to carry the gospel to the Indians and Negroes of Georgia and South Carolina, as an inducement to which enterprise a tract of land in the latter State had been offered them by the Trustees of the Georgia Company through General Oglethorpe, the then Governor of that colony, which offer was immediately accepted.

Here they remained several years, their history tells us, with encouraging prospects of usefulness; but presently their efforts were interrupted by some Spaniards who lived in their neighborhood. These people, who occupied this region of country previous to the English, became jealous of them; and the two nations being then at war with each other, they made use of the opportunity it afforded of showing an unfriendly disposition to the representatives of that country resident among them, which resulted in the Spaniards determining to expel all the English by force of arms from Georgia. Hostilities hereupon took place between the con-

tending parties, when the Moravians were called upon to take a part, which they promptly refused to do, being, like the "Friends," opposed to fighting. For this reason, ere they entered upon this mission they had obtained, from the proper authorities of England, a legal exemption from the performance of any personal military service whatever. Hereupon their situation, it is said, became really so unpleasant as to render it advisable for them altogether to withdraw from this field of labor for another, where they would not be subjected to the like annoyances.

Thus this first settlement of the Moravians in America was entirely abandoned after the period of five years. Yet they did not all leave until they determined where to go; and as some of their number had wended their way two years before to Pennsylvania, and were continuing there without any such molestation, the remainder resolved at once to join them. This occurred in 1740. But they were not permanently located there, nor had the Society as yet any organized settlement in Pennsylvania,—neither had they established themselves anywhere in this country—the only representatives of their people being the small band of unsettled missionaries of whom I am now speaking. However, it was the intention of the Society to plant themselves in this country, as soon as Providence should direct them where to do so; and it so happened that almost directly afterwards this took place.

It seems that among these Moravians were some who were acquainted with the celebrated Mr. Whitefield. This reverend gentleman had purchased the land on which Nazareth is situated, for philanthropic purposes, where he purposed to build a schoolhouse for the instruction of the negroes. For some unexplained reason he now wished some one else to undertake the business, which caused him to invite the Moravians there, when he offered the project to them, which they gladly accepted, as it promised them the means of support as well as a prospect of forming a community of their own; and presently afterwards, Mr. Whitefield being necessitated to dispose of this property, they purchased it, and thus it came entirely under their control.

Yet Nazareth was not the first settlement of the Society in Pennsylvania, for previous to this circumstance occurring, a gentleman offered to sell them some land at a very reasonable rate upon the forks of the Delaware, on a branch or tributary stream now called the Lehigh river. This offer, like the other, was readily accepted, and here all the colonists who went first to Georgia and South Carolina found a home; and these were the original settlers of Bethlehem.

The colonists immediately began to build a regular Moravian settlement, after the pattern of those already established in Germany. They commenced it in the winter of 1741; and such was the severity of the weather at that time, at this season of the

year, that in felling the trees in the forest the workmen stood above their knees in the snow. And we are told that among those who toiled the hardest and most faithfully in this enterprise, so hazardous to health and life, was a venerable Moravian emigrant of the name of David Nitschman, who had nearly reached the allotted period of man upon earth, being nearly seventy years of age. And it is further stated, that this zealous man of God yielded to none of his brethren in cheerful and persevering industry, resolutely determining to endure every hardship, and spend his remaining strength in laying the foundation of a settlement, which he trusted in God would prove in America, what Herrnhut, their mother church, had already become in Europe—the nursery of many faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.

And he with his company toiled so industriously and perseveringly, that when Count Zinzendorf* arrived at the place, which was towards the close of the same year, a small farmhouse and stable were entirely completed, while a larger building called the congregation house was being erected. The stable was immediately converted into a sanctuary; and here the colonists celebrated the next Christmas festival. On account of this circumstance, they resolved to call the new settlement by the name of Bethlehem.

* The great patron of the Moravians in Germany.

It consisted then, I believe, of about twenty persons; but early in the succeeding summer, quite an accession was made to their number by the arrival of nearly one hundred of their people from Europe, which increased the congregation to one hundred and twenty persons.

As space cannot be afforded here, and besides, I intend in another volume to give a more particular narration of the formation of this settlement—also to describe some of the very peculiar arrangements made at that time in relation to the domestic management and government of this little Moravian community by Count Zinzendorf, Bishop Spangenberg, and others; also to inform my readers of some of the means adopted to provide for the maintenance of all this needy and destitute population; to tell what regulations were established to furnish each with constant employment, food and raiment, together with the contrivances made use of to raise sufficient funds to defray all the necessary expenses of the undertaking, as well as to successfully carry out the original design of this settlement, of making it the great starting-point for the missionary enterprise of the Society on the western continent:—all this, as I purpose to speak of fully elsewhere, it is unnecessary for me to say more of them at the present than this brief notice.

The general history of Bethlehem, too, contains some interesting facts, which I would gladly detail to my readers, but am compelled to omit them for

want of room,—besides, as the object of this volume is to speak almost altogether of individual characters, I have put a restriction upon my pen in reference to this subject, and can therefore only find place for a few items.

To begin with the Revolutionary War.—It commenced between thirty and forty years after this settlement was formed, during which interval it had considerably increased and greatly prospered. But it suffered much during our national struggle for independence; for being in the route of the army, and a convenient locality for the purpose, the Americans established a military hospital in the place; and it became the depôt of all the military stores and baggage belonging to the American army, while the greater portion of the town was converted into barracks for the soldiery.

And at the very beginning of hostilities the settlement was visited by a considerable number of strangers, among whom were several members of Congress, with other persons of distinction, the most distinguished of whom was the venerated and illustrious chief, the commander of the Colonial forces and father of this glorious Republic—General Washington. He was presently followed by his faithful ally and friend, General Lafayette. He came not however attended with all the paraphernalia and state befitting his exalted rank, but borne upon a rude litter and wounded. And at Bethlehem he was nursed and cured; and it was from

the first of the year, the government had been in session for some time, and the country was in a state of great excitement. The people were anxious to know what the government would do, and the government was anxious to know what the people would do. The result was a series of measures which were passed by the government, and which were very popular with the people.

The first of these measures was a law which gave the government the power to issue paper money. This was a very important measure, as it gave the government the power to issue money in the future. The second measure was a law which gave the government the power to issue bonds. This was also a very important measure, as it gave the government the power to issue bonds in the future. The third measure was a law which gave the government the power to issue notes. This was also a very important measure, as it gave the government the power to issue notes in the future. The fourth measure was a law which gave the government the power to issue checks. This was also a very important measure, as it gave the government the power to issue checks in the future.

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thence fully recovered he went forth to fight again the battles of our country.

And here too came Count Pulaski, an honored guest ; the noble Pole, who perished in this terrible conflict for our freedom. And he carried with him to battle a flag embroidered by some of the sisterhood of Bethlehem ; which circumstance has since been perpetuated in verse by the American poet, Longfellow, and as it is very beautiful, I here transcribe it.

Yet ere I do so, I would correct an error which the poet has made in supposing that the Moravian sisterhood were an order of nuns ; and that in the religious observances of these houses, the Society assimilate to the Romanists, which is altogether a mistake ; neither was any incense offered in their church services, save that alone which arose from their pious hearts in its exercises of prayer and praise ; nor did those who ministered in holy things among them, their clergy, ever wear a cowl—unless the little black velvet German cap, which used to be so quaintly perched just upon the top of their heads, and a common appendage to their dress, can be denominated by this appellation.

Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of
Pulaski's Banner.

[The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole, who fell in the attack upon Savannah during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.]

“When the dying flame of day,
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head.
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
The proud banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the Nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

“Take thy banner! may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner! and beneath
The war cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free,
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner! but when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow—
Spare him!—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared,
Spare him—as thou would'st be spared.

“Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be,
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.’
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.”

Bethlehem continued to be more or less occupied by the American army for at least eighteen months of the war; which circumstance was attended with a great deal of inconvenience and trouble to the settlement, independent of the expense it occasioned,—a part of which, as it will be detailed in another volume, is omitted here. Suffice it therefore at the present to say, that all the natural evil results of its appropriation by Government were experienced, but rendered the more trying and difficult, because of the peculiar character of the people belonging to the place. For the presence of so many strangers, of such various classes and dispositions, among a people so thoroughly abstracted from the world as they were,

and whose principles and characters were diametrically opposed to theirs, were all calculated, it was supposed, to produce an injurious effect upon this simple-minded and primitive Moravian community.

As it was, they were a source of considerable annoyance to the inhabitants; and the tumult and consequent confusion they occasioned were so great, that when the President with some members of Congress passed through the settlement on their flight from Philadelphia, they gave orders for the immediate removal of the prisoners, and furnished the Society with a letter of protection, which secured the lives and property of the inhabitants.

It was at this period, I believe, that the desire was expressed, and an application made, to turn the Sisters' House of Bethlehem into the Congressional Hall of the nation, which excited the righteous indignation of the good Bishop resident there.

"And where would you have us put our sisters?" inquired Bishop Ettwein.

"Why the best way to dispose of them," replied the President, "would be to marry all the young ones off, and make hospital nurses of the rest."

"Neither one or the other shall be done with my consent," answered the Bishop, quite excited, "and I beg you not to say any thing more about it;" and so the subject was dropped.

The war had scarcely closed, ere an important change was made at Bethlehem, which has resulted in much benefit to the Society: this was the estab-

lishment of a Boarding-School for Young Ladies. It is true, that Institutions of learning for either sex, previously existed in this, as well as in the other important settlements of the Moravians; indeed were almost coeval with the existence of the place; but with this difference, that until then at Bethlehem its pupils had been confined exclusively to the children belonging to their own denomination, were comparatively few in number, and restricted in their studies. But at this period, in consequence of repeated and numerous applications out of the pale of the Society for the like privilege, arrangements were made to receive such scholars, and to furnish the requisite instruction for a good, plain, substantial education. This occurred about seventy years ago, when a building was selected for the purpose.

It was commenced in one of the oldest buildings in the place,—in a house which had I believe always previously been used as a school for the daughters of the resident population, besides those of their ministers, and missionaries; and here it continued to flourish with various success for thirty years, when it was removed to the present establishment, also one of the ancient buildings of the settlement, being the Single Brethren's House of that community, and occupied by them for the space of nearly seventy years. They now vacated the premises. Immediately afterwards it was altered and arranged for its present purpose, which

completed, the school was transferred there; now more than forty years ago.

Apart from the local interest attached to this edifice by the Moravian people themselves, from having been one of the peculiar Institutions of the Society, is another which concerns more particularly the American public generally, for during the Revolutionary War it was twice converted into a hospital for the Continental army, where it contained at one time seven hundred invalid soldiers, upwards of three hundred of whom it is said died within a few months, and were buried in the vicinity.

There were few if any Boarding-Schools for Young Ladies in this country at that date: this circumstance, together with the character of the Society, and the favorable impression it produced upon the public mind, caused Bethlehem School to be directly patronized, and it soon became a celebrated Institution. And many of the first families in the United States, together with some from the West Indies, sent their daughters thither, for the purpose of obtaining at least a part of their education.

It was here I took my place as a little girl, and continued at school for a space of rather more than six years; and it is of the circumstances and events I then learnt both by observation and hearsay of the acquaintances I then formed, besides, from subsequent inquiries and facts gathered, that the con-

tents of this volume are formed. And now, in reviewing this portion of my life, let my readers travel retrogradingly with me through the vista of by-gone years, to one delightful afternoon in May, near the close of which I entered Bethlehem, for the purpose of becoming one of the pupils of its school. And while I write, how distinctly I remember many of the circumstances attending this momentous affair, in which I was so deeply interested.

I recollect the parting scene with all my family was at home; for my mother being an invalid, and my father so much and so thoroughly engaged in the duties of his vocation, including which was the reviving a congregation he had found in a languishing condition, that he gladly embraced the opportunity of sending me thither, with some friends who were going on to attend the examination, and had kindly offered to take charge of me.

It is a great event in the history of any little girl, to be sent away from home to boarding-school; but when situated as I had always previously been, it was really a very trying circumstance. In truth, it was my first separation, even for a single day, from my parents; nor had I ever before been absent from their watchful eye, gentle tender care, or affectionate, parental guardianship. I was always with them, and besides had no intimate companionship but with the members of our own immediate family; and in that loved and domestic

circle, were clustered all the affections and kindly sympathies, which cast such a charm about home to a young and sensitive nature. And now, I was parting from these endeared scenes of my childhood, my parents, little sister and brother, old nurse Atkins, the presiding genius of our nursery, who had always been so indulgent and kind to all her charge. I was leaving these blessings, to be launched anew into life; to take my place, and play my part in a little world of which I was really ignorant, though I had heard much concerning it.

For as from my infancy it was a settled understanding that I should spend some years at least at Bethlehem School, my parents had made it their duty to prepare me for it. For this reason, I was purposely told a great deal in relation to the place and the people, in order to make me interested in them, and both my father and mother had spoken so judiciously to me upon the subject, and were so composed and cheerful all the while, that I became perfectly reconciled to the idea of going there. Their representations of Bethlehem were so beautiful, as to impress my young mind with the fancy, that it was the most delightful spot in the world to live in—in short, I believed that there I should enjoy almost heavenly felicity. Hence no marvel if my future existence there seemed pictured on my mind's eye, as bright and joyous as in my own loved home. My parents however had no idea of giving me erroneous impressions; but I was naturally

the first of the month of January, 1790, the
 following was the state of the weather, and
 the wind, and the state of the sea, and the
 state of the sky, and the state of the air, and
 the state of the water, and the state of the
 land, and the state of the people, and the
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 state of the world, and the state of the
 universe, and the state of the whole.

of a strong, hopeful, imaginative disposition—always inclined to have pleasant anticipations, and believed that life there would be even as I desired.

In truth, I was in the first dream of childhood, ere it has awakened at all to the sad realities of life. I was taking the world upon trust, and guided altogether by impressions and appearances. Hence I left home without much reluctance and hesitation on my part, aye, perhaps quite pleased with the change.

I went in a private carriage, and we took nearly three days to accomplish a journey which can now be performed in almost as few hours. At first I kept my spirits up by the excitement of travel; but presently I began to feel lonely and sad; and by the time I arrived at Bethlehem I was very home-sick—and I had been there but a few hours, ere I became oppressed by a new and painful feeling. It was that isolation of heart produced by the realizing sense of being now shut out from the presence of all those tender and endearing sympathies, which render life so precious to a child at home.

This caused a horribly distressing sensation; and being entirely new to me, I did not comprehend directly what was really the matter, but believed myself very ill; and then how many aches and pains I imagined I had; and I remember, too, how my condition at first excited the commiseration of my teachers and some of my schoolmates; also, how

they tried to cheer and console me, but all in vain. I refused to be comforted, and fretted until I actually did become quite sick. Then the former scolded me, which almost broke my heart, and said some things to me which only aggravated my distress. Indeed, I was as wretchedly unhappy in feeling as I possibly could be,—and I know not what would have been the result, had not some kind friends of my parents, resident in the place, opportunely interfered, and by the attention and sympathizing interest they manifested on the occasion, so won upon me, as to reconcile me in some degree to my forlorn distressed situation.

But a truce to these reminiscences of painful memories of my childhood; and I pass from them to speak of a portion of the events which transpired while at Bethlehem, together with some of the characters with whom I became acquainted while there, both among the inhabitants of the settlement, and belonging to the School.

In doing this, I have quite a variety of materials to draw upon; but I have selected only those individuals and subjects, which I considered especially as belonging to this work, most of which will be found to contain either a moral or some striking facts.

The world is made up of all sorts of characters; and there seems to be as great a variety of them, as mark the human face divine. We realize this truth constantly wherever we go; in the population

of a small town, as well as in a large city; in a steamboat, public assembly, or in any other gathered throng; yea, wherever the different grades of society are to be met with,—aye indeed, in every rank and condition of life, human nature is found in countless varieties of character, disposition, habits, and manners; sometimes, it is true, masked; yet each wearing a livery of characteristics peculiar to its individual personification.

And many of these are to be found in schools, especially in large ones, such as Bethlehem was during the period of my sojourn there, when the boarding pupils at a time, ranged from eighty to rather more than one hundred and fifty; besides at least between twenty and thirty day scholars. And as these were subject to change, and only a few of them, comparatively, were permanently at the Institution for a longer space than a year or two at farthest, then shifted, and gave place to others, this must be considered in the calculation; thus the list of my schoolmates was constantly increasing, and by this means during the period of little more than six years, the aggregate amount of the whole, methinks, at the lowest estimate, must certainly have reached to between four and five hundred.

Of course among so many girls, there were a great variety of the human species of different characters and positions in society—while the private history of each had its own distinctive, individual

characteristics. Some of these contained striking facts of interest; incidents not of ordinary occurrence, which do not happen to everybody, and take place either with or without a voluntary participation of the actors. For instance, in the former kind of case, arising from the disposition and habits of the individual, and in the latter, those resulting entirely from the faults of others.

Among the most prominent were those produced by a disgraceful birth; this of course was a circumstance for which the children were not to blame, but each case of which was marked with its own peculiar history; generally of abused confiding affection—a broken heart—an early grave—together with a suffering life to the consequences of their sinful folly. Such unfortunates were to be found at Bethlehem School, both among my school-mates and my teachers. The people there called them “Uncles’ Children,” and at first I could not comprehend the meaning of this term, though the impression given upon my childish mind was, that it indicated a mean and degraded parentage.

In addition to these classes of persons, there were others in the place with whom I became acquainted, and more or less connected, whose history then and subsequently interested me. These all start forward now as I write, from the nooks and corners of memory, where they have been so long hidden, and claim their place in my record of these days of my childhood. It is astonishing how vivid-

ly these ghosts of my memory present themselves, and how fresh they appear. But I was at the age when impressions fasten themselves the strongest upon the mind. Besides, as I had really very little close association with children out of our own domestic circle ere I came to Bethlehem, and indeed had had but a very limited intercourse with society in general, but had instead lived very much secluded and retired from observation, so every incident of any moment whatever which occurred while at Bethlehem was calculated to make an impression upon my young mind. And as persons and circumstances were so totally different from what I had expected them, from my previous experience of life, so the interest they excited became the greater in proportion to the contrast they presented.

Hence as soon as my feelings of home-sickness had lost their first poignant sensibilities, and it was not long ere my mood was changeful and fluctuating, my curiosity became excited to know more and more of a people with whose church my parents were so intimately connected, and to whom I was already bound by the ties of society-relation as one of their children. And here too I was to pass the remainder of my childhood; and Bethlehem to be the only world in which I was destined to move during the period of at least six years—an eternity of time to the little girl of eight years of age. No marvel, therefore, that every thing of

any consequence whatever, every individual circumstance relating either to the place or people, which contained any incident at all striking, or worthy in any way, of any note, attracted my attention, and riveted itself upon my mind; and that much of this portion of the history of my childhood became fastened upon the tablets of my mind, and indelibly impressed there.

Besides this, the prominent position of my father in the church, and with the public, his relation to the School as its Agent, has enabled me to obtain possession of facts in reference to many of the individuals here spoken of, which perhaps I might otherwise never have known. To this circumstance, together with the fact that I was a child of considerable thought and observation, and had also a good memory, am I indebted for the substance of the narrations which will be found in this book.

Yet ere I enter upon these sketches, it is fitting that I should mention, that as I am speaking altogether of the past, of a period when the simplicity of primitive Moravianism was still in a measure apparent in the school—when the teachers were called “Sisters”—the scholars only by their first or last name, without any “Miss” * prefixed to it, and all denominated *girls*, I have deemed it proper as a faithful narrator, to bestow the same appella-

* Except on public occasions.

tions here, notwithstanding the taste of some of my readers may possibly prefer the more modern and fashionable style of designation. And with this prefatory observation, I pass to the following sketch.

MAMMY SCHINDLER.

I HAD scarcely arrived at Bethlehem, when I found myself an object of considerable attention among the good people of the place, many of whom, from being personal friends of my parents, were desirous to see me, as well as to manifest a kindly interest in my welfare. Some of these came to the School, while others sent for me. Accordingly, accompanied by one or another of my teachers, I was soon on my way to their respective residences.

Among the latter class was an early and much valued friend of my mother, the subject of this sketch. She lived in an upper street of the town—but we shortened the distance by the route we took, which was passing the building called the Corpse-House; from thence to the burying ground, through one corner of which we crossed—this brought us almost directly into her garden, and led us to the rear of her dwelling, where we found her in her kitchen busily occupied with her domestic affairs. She was very much delighted at my coming, and I

never can forget how warmly she greeted me, and with what emotion she pressed me to her affectionate heart, as she listened to my voice, for she could scarcely see me, as her sight was very dim. But my presence before her seemed to recall pleasant, yet very tender recollections, as for a space she could do little else but weep, while she still continued fondly to embrace me. But by and by she recovered herself, when almost the first words she uttered were to congratulate herself that a daughter of one she loved so well, would now be near her, and perhaps remain at Bethlehem as long as she lived.

At this time we had left the kitchen, and were in a small but comfortable apartment, which served all the purposes of a parlor and bedroom ;—and full well do I remember exactly how it was situated, looked, and every article it contained, besides every circumstance of any interest whatever which occurred during that memorable visit. This room had but one window in front and rear ; near the latter was an old-fashioned clock, a table, and a spinning-wheel ;—the floor was covered with a rag carpet, while one chimney recess contained a commodious bureau, and the other her bed, which was concealed from view by a dark curtain. Some wooden chairs and a stool completed the inventory of the furniture gathered there. The whole betokened poverty, though not severely so—for although in restricted circumstances, she was not destitute of

the means of support, at least as long as she could work, and had hitherto been enabled to provide for her own necessities.

Yet there was much in her situation calculated to excite strong sympathy in her behalf. She was getting old and feeble, besides almost blind and helpless. Added to this she was a childless widow, with no kind kindred about her to render the evening of her days cheerful and pleasant, and to obtain for her those little comforts and delicacies so grateful, and sometimes so very necessary, in declining health. No, the good Mammy had not a single person upon whom she had a claim to perform those kindly offices for her, and to take care of her when no longer able to do so herself.

Yet she was not left alone and desolate, for being universally beloved and respected in the community, they frequently visited her—besides, she had rented out part of her house, and those who thus shared her peaceful roof were some society for her, and took a friendly interest in the old lady. Their children, as well as themselves, called her Mammy, and so also did every one else, and by this cognomen, and no other, was she generally known in the place. Indeed all the widows among the Moravians in their German settlements, thirty and forty years ago, were thus denominated, while their widowed brethren were the Daddies of their people, and this, too, although they might never have had any children whatever of their own.

Marriage seems to have given them the right to this parental appellative, and thus Mammy Schindler was entitled to it.

This much-loved friend of my mother was a specimen of the genuine primitive Moravians. In fact, both she and her excellent husband were natives of that country, and emigrated from their father-land as children, I believe, about a century ago, and presently joined that devoted band of the Society who toiled together for the general benefit at Bethlehem, upon the establishment of that Settlement in the association of which I mean to speak elsewhere—the Community of Goods. They continued connected with it until this arrangement was dispensed with, whereupon the husband pursued his accustomed mechanical business entirely on his own account, but from various causes with which I am unacquainted, he never succeeded very well, for although industrious and economical, he always remained poor. Yet through the co-operation of his faithful and devoted helpmate, he managed to become the owner of his dwelling and workshop, and besides to save a few hundred dollars. When he died, he bequeathed all these his earthly possessions to his widow.

When this occurrence took place, the Mammy, I should judge, must have been about sixty years of age, and had already become somewhat infirm in health. Hence it was deemed necessary that her property should be rendered as available as possi-

ble. For this purpose she rented out the shop as well as the greater part of her dwelling, reserving for herself only the accommodations I have mentioned. As living was cheap at Bethlehem, and her habits of life economical, the income derived from these sources, with the interest on her small capital, together with the produce of her garden, poultry-yard and piggery, though not sufficient for her support, contributed so materially towards it, that by the aid of her spinning-wheel she could manage with care to live comfortably. Thus her means were never ample, but generally, just about enough to supply her actual necessities.

'Tis true she had a few friends who added to it by occasionally assisting her in some acceptable bestowment—but sometimes these presents did not benefit the recipient, as intended by the kind donors thereof, since they were not always allowed to increase her comforts in a pecuniary point of view, as she made them opportunities which she gladly embraced of helping individuals in more necessitous circumstances than herself. For this truly excellent woman was generous to a fault, and it afforded her the greatest possible pleasure to give away or share with others whatever she had. Added to this, she possessed a beautiful simplicity of character, united to a very affectionate nature. Even while I write her venerable form presents itself before me, and with it the remembrance of many acts of considerate kindness and attention

that I received from this friend of my childhood, which are carefully preserved among the treasured records of my early youth. And every portion of the year brought me these tokens of her love. In the season of fruits I had my share of what her garden afforded—of currants, cherries, and plums—while in winter, apples, nuts, and other good things, such as doughnuts, a plate of fritters or pancakes, or whatever else her kind heart suggested might be acceptable.

And besides these free-will offerings of her generous nature, whenever she could conveniently do so, I was invited to take the vesper meal with her. At such times it was her wont to provide a bountiful and good repast, although it may be she could scarcely afford the expense, and was obliged afterwards in consequence to stint herself. Of course she kept me in happy ignorance of this circumstance at the time, while I only realized that she was very kind, and each recurrence of the like attention only deepened the impression upon my mind, and I have never forgotten it.

I had one drawback, however, to my pleasure in visiting her. Her health was failing, and so perceptibly, that though only a child, I could not but perceive it. Besides this, her sight was becoming more and more impaired, and fears began to be entertained that she would soon be totally blind. In consequence, she was now very apt to be de-

pressed in spirits—aye sometimes quite unhappy, and often in tears.

My parents no sooner were informed of her sad condition, than they urged her to come to them in New York, where she could have the advantage of the best medical advice, which invitation she accepted, and took the earliest and most convenient opportunity of doing so, and in company with several of the Moravian Society of Bethlehem. She staid with them, if I recollect right, a month or two. This event was a great undertaking for such an aged woman, especially as she had never before, for more than half a century, been absent from Bethlehem, except to a neighboring settlement—besides, it was the first time in her life that she had made any but a passing sojourn in any large city whatever. Yet, considering all the circumstances of her case, she bore it tolerably well, and after the first fatigue was over, she apparently enjoyed herself considerably. The novelty of her situation amused her, while she really appeared to derive benefit from the excitement it produced, as, for a space after her return to Bethlehem, her health and spirits were remarkably good. In truth she received so much attention while in the city, and was so kindly treated by the friends she made here, as to keep her mind so constantly, pleasantly occupied, that she had no time to dwell upon her great calamity. Yet her sight did not improve. Indeed, a celebrated oculist in New York, who was

consulted upon the subject, pronounced her case incurable, and only a few months subsequent to her visit to this city, she could scarcely recognize the features of her most familiar friend.

Thus Providence rendered her completely helpless—nor could she spin any more—neither was she able to attend to her household duties. Thus situated, it became necessary to have some one to take care of her, and soon an arrangement was effected with her tenants, who were good people and very fond of her. They had now been domiciled with her quite a number of years and knew all her peculiarities, and in her deplorable condition it was probably the very best arrangement which could have been made for her comfort and happiness. Yet the dear old Mammy, though fully agreeing to it, and seemingly satisfied with the proposition, was not really pleased with this change in her domestic affairs; on the contrary, it painfully affected her.

For she immediately realized that by this arrangement she would be placed under some pecuniary obligations to her friends, and she imagined that she might prove a great tax upon them in consequence. This was not the fact, however; the expense could not be great, and it was cheerfully promised and willingly bestowed. Yet to her it ever appeared a very great kindness, for which she was truly grateful, though her depression of spirits continued. In truth, she keenly felt her dependent situation, and believed that she was not only a

helpless and useless being, but a burden to herself and to others. And there were moments when this consideration rendered her so despondent, that it almost approached to melancholy. At such times she was apt to express herself tired of life, and to manifest an earnest desire to die, which caused her to ask her friends to pray to God to take her.

• “For,” added she, “what good can a poor old blind woman like me do upon earth? I am only in the way—useless and helpless—I have nothing to live for, and I shall be so much happier with my Saviour;” and then the tears would fall from those dear old sightless orbs, and she would weep awhile, and maybe talk of her good Daddy and other friends who were deceased, when a smile would pass over that wrinkled and aged face as she joyed in the anticipation of meeting them all again in Heaven.

I still continued my usual visits, when she received me with her wonted kindness; and as my being with her always gratified the dear old lady, I never omitted the opportunity to go and see her. I remember that for some time, whenever I was taking my leave, she invariably desired the same message to my mother, together with the earnest request that she and my father would never for a single day fail to unite their prayers to God in her behalf—and especially to entreat Him, as a great favor, that He would send for her—that she might be permitted to die and be with Him forever.

And more than once she added, "Tell them to remind the Lord that I am here upon earth," for like another of the ancient widows of Bethlehem of whom I mean to make mention in these sketches, she fancied that perhaps God had forgotten it. And I recollect the very last time they saw her she reiterated this request, as she did in like manner to other friends who visited her. And in fact, the more she realized the infirmities of age, the increasing helplessness and hopelessness of her condition, the wish to quit life seemed to strengthen.

And yet the good Mammy continued to live on; for the appointed time of her departure had not arrived—and she lingered, it may be, until years as well as months were added to her span of being. The boon she so anxiously, yea, impatiently craved, was still denied. I cannot now recollect whether it was then, or antecedent to this period, that her grave-clothes were prepared, and the necessary sum for her coffin and other funeral expenses were carefully provided and taken care of; also, that she had entirely closed up her account with the world. But as such things were of common occurrence among the Moravians formerly, these arrangements of hers did not excite any particular observation or remark.

Time passed, when at length the dear old Mammy found herself stretched upon a bed of sickness with a fearful and agonizing disease. It is called the Misery in German, because of the intense dis-

tress always attending it. She suffered indescribably, and it became almost directly apparent that the long anticipated and wished for period was near at hand, when her earthly existence would terminate; and that the angel of death would quickly appear to bear her spirit away. And knowing how ardently she had desired his coming, her friends generally rejoiced on her account. But how did she receive him? how greet his arrival? was it with willingness and joy, and did she hail him as a friend? Strange to say, no; but we were told that, on the contrary, she saw his approach with dread and dismay, and with fear and trembling shrunk from his icy touch. Besides, when the minister who was summoned to her dying bed talked with her upon the subject, and congratulated her upon the certain and speedy realization of this long impatiently desired blessing—this fondly cherished hope and anticipation, she surprised him by saying:

“Oh, my dear brother, it is true I have so spoken, and have for years awaited this moment with ardent and longing desire; I have been really impatient for my release from this body of suffering, yet I would rather live, for, after all, life is very sweet and pleasant. Yes, I fain would stay here a little longer.”

She was suffering greatly at the time, but was perfectly in her senses, although the minister and the other friends who were about her, in their as-

tonishment at such expressions falling from her lips, fancied at the moment that perhaps her mind was becoming unsettled. The minister hereupon, anxious to ascertain the true state of the case, and how she really felt in the prospect of eternity, took her hand gently within his own while he observed :

“But, my dear Mammy, remember that you are going to the Saviour with whom you have so long desired to be ; to the home which He has prepared for you, where you will be forever freed from every kind of suffering and infirmity, and besides, be eternally united to all the dear Christian friends who are already with our Lord.”

“Oh, I do not forget all these things, I remember them well,” she replied, “and it is all very fine and delightful ; but yet, dear brother, if it is His holy will I would, nevertheless, rather not go just yet. Indeed, I would rather get well again—therefore please tell Him so, if it is only for a little time longer.”

A moment more and then she added : “Oh, it is much easier, I find, to speak of death, aye, and wish for him when he is distant, and to regard him as a welcome messenger to bear us away from earth, than actually to meet him. And much as we may have craved his coming ere this, when we realize his presence it is hard to keep from shrinking at his approach.”

And then as earnestly as she had implored her

friends to pray for her death, did she entreat them to plead to Heaven in her behalf for a continuance of the precious gift of life ; but all unavailing, and instead, the prayer of years was to be granted, for the summons had gone forth that she must die.

And now in that presence chamber of death, there was a fearful conflict between that dying woman and the great adversary of our race.

Yet it was only for a brief space, for the Saviour was near, and ere she entered the dark valley she discerned His presence as her guide, support, and stay. Then the yearnings of her better nature returned—her spirit longings revived—the Christian's faith triumphed over the weakness of humanity—and with a certain hope of a blessed eternity, the good old Mammy Schindler quietly and calmly resigned her being.

PAPPY HECKEWELDER,

AND THE

GHOST OF BETHLEHEM.

For the greater part of a quarter of the present century, the most prominent if not the most interesting individual residing at Bethlehem during that interval, at least to the majority of the gentlemen strangers visiting the place, was the late John Heckewelder, the distinguished Indian historiographer, besides of another volume or two in relation to the aboriginal population of this country.

The old gentleman had long lived among these people both as a missionary of the Society and otherwise. Indeed, he passed altogether a great many years with them—hence had an excellent opportunity, which he improved to a considerable extent, of becoming well acquainted with their natural traits of character, their peculiar habits and way of thinking upon subjects in general, and of the manners and customs of some of their various tribes. He soon found himself interested in these denizens of our soil, and formed some strong at-

tachments among them. And the more closely he studied them, observed their natural characteristics, and made himself familiar with their peculiar foibles and weaknesses, the better he became able to appreciate whatever was commendable and good in their natures, as well as the more readily to excuse the many imperfections which sully this portion of our humanity. And he was ever their friend and advocate as long as he lived, and continued to reside among them until quite advanced in years. He then retired to Bethlehem to pass the residue of his days, where he died somewhere between 1820 and 1830, but I cannot now positively remember exactly when that event occurred.

He was a great favorite of mine, this dear old Daddy Heckewelder, as he was familiarly called at Bethlehem, as well as Pappy, though most generally by the former appellation. I had always known him, aye, even from my very infancy. In fact, he was associated in my mind with my earliest recollections of life, and as many of these reminiscences were of a peculiarly impressive nature, they were fastened the stronger upon my memory. I always venerated and loved him; and as the juveniles of our family usually called him Grandfather, I had learnt to regard him with the feelings due to that relation. And the circumstance of his being at Bethlehem at the time I went there, certainly reconciled me more than any other thing to the separation from my family, especially as he had promised

my parents to be kind and attentive to me, and I placed implicit confidence in his word. And e'en now as I write I distinctly remember how I joyed in the anticipation of seeing the good old man again. I recollect our first meeting occurred in the church the morning of the next day subsequent to my arrival at Bethlehem. It was at the public examination of the school. He had heard of my coming, and I perceived him looking for me, and oh ! how fatherly and kind did he greet me ; and as I had already become somewhat home-sick, how soothing and pleasant his voice sounded, and how it cheered me in the midst of the tumult of excitement I was in, because of the feeling of loneliness and strangeness which was even then sensibly stealing upon me and affecting my spirits. Soon he reminded me of his promise, which again he reiterated, then arranged with one of my teachers when I should visit him. In consequence, on the morrow, attended by Sister Brown, I wended my way to his house. We went there directly after my first visit to Mammy Schindler, the rear of whose garden joined his. There I met with as cordial and hearty a greeting as I had experienced from the ancient lady I had just left, and he was ever after equally as affectionate and kind to me.

Dear old gentleman ! I loved him, not only because of his unvarying kindness to me, but for the reason of his being highly esteemed by my parents ; besides, he was a connecting link with their mission-

ary efforts. In fact, they were for a space co-workers together in this enterprise, though not exactly in the same field of labor, but only a few miles distant, and saw each other very frequently. Yet my father commenced his missionary career under Mr. Heckwelder's guardian companionship, and together they journeyed in the discharge of this commission for some hundred miles, he being his guide to the people among whom he had been appointed to labor, and was with him as I have already stated, or near him, during some of the years of this truly trying and difficult crusade against Satan, sharing his joys and sorrows, sympathizing in his troubles and difficulties, participating largely in his consequent cares and anxieties, ever proving throughout his faithful counsellor, his attached and often very efficient friend.

Venerable and excellent old man!—how I used to delight to hear him recount some of the scenes of trials they had together experienced—to tell me some of the anecdotes with which he abounded of the Indians, among whom they dwelt; and more than all, it was pleasant to a daughter's ear to listen to the sayings and doings, the labors and efforts of my beloved sire, in behalf of these benighted savages of our western world; and to hear how highly he was estimated, how universally respected, not only by the wise and good, but also by some of these ignorant people,—and the influence he exercised, the interest he excited for these unfortunate

beings, together with the amount of good he probably accomplished both for the temporal and eternal welfare of his charge. And then it was the wont of the good Pappy to speak of his faith and patient perseverance, even amid the most discouraging circumstances, notwithstanding bodily weaknesses and infirmities of various kinds; and how martyr-like he endured tribulations and trials, with no other prospect of earthly reward than theirs—a cruel and violent death. And, continued the old gentleman, he looked so frail and feeble all the while, that it was truly a wonder how he could bear up; but he leaned upon our Lord, and trusted in Him, and this gave him courage and made him feel strong, although in reality he was very feeble and sickly. And as this subject was a favorite theme of conversation with the venerable man when I visited him, and like old people generally, he was apt to repeat the same narratives over and over again. I heard these repeatedly, and thus many interesting facts in my father's missionary history became indelibly impressed upon my young mind.

The old gentleman, though from early years a member of the Moravian community, had not, like his brethren, generally lived a secluded and retired life, but had mingled considerably with the world outside of their church, and seen much of society out of the pale of their communion. He was, I believe, of German parentage, but passed some years in

England previous to coming to America, where he became quite a traveller ; and being very observant and inquiring, had taken careful note of persons with whom he met, and of circumstances as they occurred, which could be of any advantage to him, and had profited materially by his observations.

Mr. Heckewelder was a very sociable and pleasant man, exceedingly agreeable and entertaining in his conversation, having the happy faculty of knowing how to engage the attention of his hearers generally, whether they were old or young, either when telling over the reminiscences of missionary life and of the times of primitive Moravianism, or when speaking on any other familiar topic. Besides, he was very fond of communicating any desired information in his power, especially when it related to the Indians or the Moravian Society ; and as he was well acquainted with the history of his church, and of the settlement of Bethlehem from its very commencement, he was a very valuable reference for knowledge of facts connected with either of these subjects. As was natural I had considerable curiosity about the bygone events of the Church, the olden times in the Society, and had many questions to ask relative to that period. I found him ever ready to satisfy my queries, and thus I became possessed of many interesting particulars of the Society in its primitive state, both in this country and in Europe, some of which my memory has carefully preserved, and from its store I have se-

lected a sketch or two which will be found in this volume.

Mr. Heckewelder was not poor,—on the contrary, he possessed at least a moderate competency. He acquired this property not by inheritance, but in a government situation, which he held either when he was a missionary or immediately subsequent to that period.

The old gentleman was one of the commissioners appointed by the General Government to select the site of the capital of Tuscarawas County in the State of Ohio, and of another, the name of which I do not now recollect, whereupon acres of land which he had purchased but a short time previously, were divided off into town lots, and he realized quite a little fortune thereby.

He owned the house he lived in at Bethlehem. It was, if I recollect right, a comfortable snug two-story building, but it always appeared to me to be in an unfinished state. A single daughter lived with him, and she with one servant completed his household. This daughter Polly was his house-keeper, but unfortunately so very deaf that the only way she could communicate with persons generally, was by writing either by pen or pencil on paper or slate, and she always was provided with some of these necessary materials. This infirmity I heard had been produced, it was thought, altogether by often repeated severe headaches.

Mr. Heckewelder had a beautiful garden in the

rear of his house, which, though not large, was, I believe, tastefully arranged, and contained quite a variety of choice fruits and flowers. The former were principally of the berry kind. I remember, in particular, some very fine English strawberries and white raspberries and gooseberries, all of which were unusually large and well flavored; besides, he had a quantity of currants of the colors red, black, and white. Of the flowers, I recollect a kind of rose which particularly struck my young fancy. I believe it was perfectly white, exceedingly fragrant, and trained to run up nearly the whole of the rear of the house. And then besides he had those deliciously perfumed plants, the tuber rose, mignonette, and the sweet-scented strawberry-shrub. And there too was a summer house, where the good old Pappy used to love to retire to smoke his pipe and segar, and his favorite place to tell stories in, and it was there where I last saw him, and as I kissed his venerable cheek, came the feeling that it was our final leave-taking; and it proved to be so, for we met no more upon earth.

But I will not linger upon this sad retrospect, therefore return we to the house and pass to another spot consecrated by associations of interest connected with my revered friend. This was his literary corner, where for some time I almost always found him—seated in a comfortable, old-fashioned arm-chair—pen in hand, and with a pile of books and manuscripts before him.

One day, when thus situated, I went to see him. He was so busily engaged at the time, that he did not perceive my coming into the room, but as soon as I approached near, he raised his eyes, smiled, and gave me, as usual, a cordial greeting—then for a space resumed his occupation. I watched him a little while, and then quietly left him to amuse myself in the garden, but had proceeded but a few steps when he called me to him.

"You seem to have so much to do, dear Daddy," said I, "that I am afraid I shall be in the way."

"No, no, my dear child," he replied, "I am very glad you have come."

"But what does it mean, that I always find you so busily writing? What is it all about?"

He looked at me and smiled; then taking my hand within his he answered: "You wonder, my child, what I am doing. Well, I believe I will tell you." Then laying down his pen he resumed: "To tell you the truth, my dear, I am writing a book, which I intend to publish, and it is about the Indians. And I am doing this, my child, to interest the world in them; to make them acquainted with the language, habits, and traits of character of the people among whom your parents and I perilled our lives, and by this means, I hope to live long after I am dead and gone."

I looked at him wonderingly, for in fact I did not directly comprehend his meaning.

"Yes, my child," he continued, "it is even so;

and the idea is pleasant, that years after I have ceased to live upon this earth, I shall not be forgotten—at least my name will be remembered.”

And then I inquired, “And in the same manner will not these poor Indians continue to live?”

The old man sighed, and then answered my interrogatory by saying, “Ah, my child, this is the only way the races of our poor North American Indians will presently be known, for they are fast disappearing from the face of the earth, and they will soon exist only upon the page of history.” In truth, as he was so very much interested in our aborigines, he deeply felt the wrongs and outrages which had been inflicted upon them, and grieved over their too probable destiny.

I remember, while with him one day, that a carriage stopped at his door from which two gentlemen alighted, and almost directly afterwards they were shown into the room, one of whom immediately advanced towards Mr. Heckewelder, extended his hand, and greeted him very cordially, and then introduced his friend. The former, quite an aged man, I believe was Mr. Duponceau of Philadelphia, a particular friend of the Daddy, and through whose instrumentality and encouragement his works were published. Mr. Duponceau, if I recollect right, was then the President of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, and, being much interested in our aboriginal population, and anxious to obtain the most reliable information concerning

them as a people, and of their language, &c., had for some time corresponded with the old gentleman upon the subject. And the result was not only the publication of Mr. Heckewelder's celebrated work upon the Indians under his especial patronage, but of a lasting friendship between the twain.

This visit truly afforded much pleasure, not only to the parties concerned, but to the little girl who listened to the conversation of the gentlemen, and heard many things new and strange of the people among whom she was born. Pappy Heckewelder, as usual when talking about such matters, was very animated, and he did not fail to introduce me to his friends as a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, one of their missionaries among these Indians; he called me a little white Delaware Indian girl, which amused me very much, and caused his visitors to laugh heartily.

While I write, how vividly does this dear old man present himself before me, as he is connected with the greater part of the happiness I enjoyed while at Bethlehem; for to him I went with all my little griefs and sorrows, well assured of receiving in return his sincere sympathy and some cheering expression of kindness. Not that I had no other friends in the village—for I was singularly fortunate in this respect—but I knew him better than any one else, and had the greatest confidence in his sympathizing interest in my behalf.

Besides, like his old neighbor, dear good Mammy

Schindler, he seemed to take particular pleasure in administering to my creature comforts, especially those which pertain to the palate. For, ever and anon, a very acceptable gift of one or another kind of fruit, or something else of equal value, found its way to the school to me, as tokens of the kindly consideration of these excellent friends. And as I was for a considerable space, a sickly and puny child, and very sensitive to neglect, these attentions were the more highly prized and appreciated.

And now for another reminiscence of my friend, good old Pappy Heckewelder. I have said that he abounded in stories of the Society in primitive times, and I cannot refrain from giving one here which greatly interested me. The whole circumstances given, transpired, I believe, within the first forty years from the commencement of Bethlehem, and occurred in that place. And my memory conjures up the old gentleman as he told it to me, on one bright summer afternoon in his pleasant summer bower.

He said that among the first strangers who applied at Bethlehem for permission to live there, was a young woman, but of what rank in life, or of what appearance she was, did not transpire in his narration. He only stated that she seemed quite young, came entirely alone, and represented herself a single woman, and friendless; yet what attracted her to the settlement, or induced her to

wish to remain there was not known, neither any thing concerning her but what she chose to mention; and as she said as little as possible respecting herself, very few facts of her history were elicited, but as these satisfied the Society of the sincerity of her motives, they granted her request. And as she represented herself as single, they placed her in the sisters' house; and being poor, provided her with employment to support herself.

But this occurred during the time of the establishment of the community of goods at Bethlehem, of which I promise to speak more fully elsewhere. She therefore had to toil not only for herself, but for the common good. And it was the impression of my venerable narrator, that she faithfully performed her share of this duty.

She was active and industrious, but quiet and reserved in her manners. Indeed, she was remarkably taciturn, and thought to shun the society of her associates, but presently, as her conduct proved perfectly unexceptionable, at her own expressed desire, she was admitted into the Society, though at first only on probation; but soon after she joined it in full communion and church membership. After this she continued to demean herself well, and with the strictest propriety of behavior; yet those who closely observed her, could perceive that a shadow rested upon her soul, which occasionally fearfully distressed her. Still, this circumstance did not elicit much remark. It was attributed to

her altered manner of living, which perhaps she found too severe and exacting; and in addition, it may be that it originated in her lonely and isolated condition.

This latter idea probably induced the Elders of the Society in the place, to suppose that a change of situation might be conducive to the happiness of their young sister: accordingly they soon proposed her for marriage with one of their brethren. But when the proposition was submitted to her, instead of affording her any pleasure, a dark cloud came over her countenance; she immediately became exceedingly unhappy, and wept considerably: yet it seems she did not reject the offer, but after making herself perfectly wretched about it for a space, accepted the destiny proffered her by the church, and apparently, with willing and cheerful acquiescence.

Yet scarcely was she married, ere the cloud returned heavier and darker than before; a very great change became perceptible in her whole demeanor. She was now ever restless, gloomy and abstracted, and indeed so unhappy as to be almost constantly in tears. This distressing state of feeling continued, and so fearfully increased, that her very soul appeared shrouded in impenetrable melancholy, and the reason wherefore nobody could fathom; for her husband was kind, and no one knew of her having had any trouble whatever with anybody.

I know not for what length of time the unhappy

woman was in this situation, but my impression is that it had not continued but a few weeks ere she suddenly disappeared, and it was immediately conjectured that she had destroyed herself. And having been last seen walking in the direction of Bartow's road and near the river, a search was made there, and presently her lifeless remains were found near the spot where subsequently the wash-house of the school was located. This was the first suicide among the Moravians, and I know of none other which ever occurred in the whole Society.

As will be readily believed, this event produced considerable excitement. Nor did it end with her death, for according to my chronicler, every morning afterwards, always at a certain time, which I think he said was just before the break of day, a pale shadowy form, bearing a strong resemblance to the self-destroyer, and with an infant in her arms, could be distinctly seen leaving her former dwelling—glide rapidly along in the direction of the Lehigh—pause a moment upon its bank—then apparently plunge in and vanish within its peaceful bosom.

The coming of this apparition caused considerable consternation among the inhabitants generally, and when its return was found to continue, and of daily occurrence, it became a matter of serious deliberation how to put a stop to these ghostly visitations. At length it was suggested that the good people of the place should among themselves en-

deavor to banish it from them. But who would undertake this disagreeable duty? Who had sufficient courage for the enterprise? The question was scarcely asked, when one of the Brethren, a very holy and reverend man, volunteered his services for the occasion.

This Moravian brother has been described to me as rather old; small in stature; of florid complexion, and of snow-white hair. His voice was very distinct and clear though somewhat tremulous, but his step firm; while he had much nerve, and considerable self-reliance and determination of character, and indeed was so fearless as to give the impression upon some minds that he would not have been afraid to encounter even the Devil. His name I have learnt, and it was either Grube, or De Fries, but I cannot recollect which, from the fact that I have heard incidents of both which are not definitely settled upon either.

My story goes on to say that one morning, soon after this resolute man had entered upon this engagement, two or three hours after midnight, he sallied forth and alone to confront the spectre, in order to demand some explanation why it thus annoyed the good people of Bethlehem and was thus unquiet and restless. He had to wait for its appearance only until the usual time, when he saw it rapidly approaching in the direction where he stood. It was just about passing him, when the stout-hearted little man called out loudly to it to

stop, and when he did so, he uttered the following or similar words, at the same moment raising a cane he held in his hand as he spoke, and pointing it in the direction of the Spirit—

“Stop, my friend, I command you in the name of the Father, and of his blessed Son our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost which He sent to us; yea, even in the name of the Triune God, I command you to stop, and tell me why you thus wander forth in the midst of us, and disturb us: also why your soul does not rest in peace?”

The Spirit immediately thereupon halted, and whilst it gently waved in the early morning air, before the man of God, it whispered in his ear a tale of crime and suffering. It told him that she who had been deemed so virtuous and good while sojourning in the Settlement of Bethlehem, was that shunned and despised thing, a victim of vice and of fell depravity; that a child had been the consequence of this life of infamy, which she had destroyed; and then, fearful of detection, and with the finger of scorn ever pointing at her, she had fled to Bethlehem as to an ark of safety—a place of security—a safe retreat from the hands of justice. That there she had sincerely repented of her grievous sins; had become a reformed Magdalen, and sought by penitence and prayer, and diligent labor in the service of the church, to make some atonement for her crimes. Yet she found not the peace and comfort which she so ardently desired; but of

the contrary, as she became more and more sensible of the enormity of her guilt, she was the more wretched and miserable, until the burden of life was rendered intolerable, and then she madly rushed into death. "And as part of my punishment," continued the spectre, "for this last great wickedness in going unbidden to the presence of God, I am condemned to revisit the spot daily, and at the same hour in which I committed this dreadful act, bearing with me the poor innocent whom I, its wicked mother, killed, to proclaim my sin and shame to the people whom I had thus grossly deceived."

"A sad story this," remarked the good old man, "and I sincerely pity you; but how long will you continue thus to trouble us?"

"Until the period of my appointed time to have died," was the reply. "Yet let not my presence among them ever trouble the people, for I am incapable of doing them any harm." Then answered the holy man, "May God soon grant us all this blessed deliverance, and your Spirit obtain this much desired repose."

But even while he spoke thus, the Ghost passed quickly away; and e'en as he gazed upon it, it was lost in the waters of the Lehigh.

"And how long afterwards did it continue to be seen?" I inquired of the Daddy.

"For many years after this, it is said, my child," he replied, "but I know not exactly the length of time, and then it suddenly disappeared, I suppose

because it was then permitted at last to go to its rest."

"And did you ever see this Ghost?" was my next question.

"No, my dear," was the answer, "though according to the accounts of a number of our people here, it still continued its visitations as usual, for some years in my day." With this reminiscence I close this sketch of the venerable and excellent Mr. Heckewelder.

The individuals who form the subject of the following sketch, as well as of another to be given in these series, are taken from the Sisters' House at Bethlehem, formerly the house of nearly all the unmarried females resident in the place. This dwelling was one of the first I entered after my arrival there, and it was ever regarded by me with feelings of peculiar interest. I became acquainted with quite a number of its inmates, some of whom by reason of their long isolation from the world,—or perhaps never having mingled in it, had become rather peculiar in their notions and habits: and indeed a portion of them were really so very odd and simple in their way of thinking, as to cause me sometimes considerable wonderment as well as amusement. Yet I found much among them to excite my interest, attention, and curiosity; and from

the record of some of the histories of this sisterhood of the Society, I give the subjoined narrations.

It will be perceived that they belonged to the primitive times of the church, and the one I am now sketching in particular is a fair specimen of that class of their people of those days.

Yet ere I commence this narration, it is proper by way of explanation, to say a few words in relation to the peculiarities of the Society therein mentioned. I do not mean, however, to enter upon a detailed description of either of them, as it would be out of place here, besides, as it is my intention to give a full account of all of them in another work, it is entirely superfluous to do more here, than merely to bestow upon these a passing notice.

I mention in this book the establishment of the Community of Goods at Bethlehem. This regulation was adopted for a specific purpose, and was only continued until its object was accomplished. In the coming narration the use of the Lot is spoken of in connection with the marriages of the Community. As it is my purpose to devote a whole volume in thoroughly describing this truly singular peculiarity of Primitive Moravianism, I will only say of it at present, that at the period to which this sketch belongs, not only the marriages of their people, but every other affair of moment among them was controlled by this regulation of their church. The Hourly Intercession also men

tioned, was a practice observed by the Society for some years in their settlements after their reorganization; and the Lovefeasts were, and are still their manner of keeping commemorative celebrations, while all classes of their people were under the spiritual supervision of Elders and Elderesses. And with this short explanatory preface, I introduce my readers to,—

THE TWIN SINGLE SISTERS.

It was in the very infancy of the settlement of Bethlehem, at the period when the Community of Goods existed there, and the whole population lived together as one large family, and had a general housekeeping, that their number was suddenly increased by the addition of quite a colony of their people from Germany. Among these emigrants was a humble born but pious couple, of the name of Werner. They had but recently joined the Society, and were in indigent circumstances. They had a considerable family, the poor man's blessing, and too frequently constituting his only wealth.

The peculiar arrangement regarding the pecuniary affairs of the Moravians at Bethlehem, for the maintenance of that settlement to which I have just alluded, of combined united labor for the benefit of all, and which was universally adopted by its inhabitants, had the effect in a great measure for the time being, of levelling the distinctions externally of the various conditions in life among them; or apparently, at least, as far as what re-

lates to the actual pecuniary circumstances of different individuals. Thus, our worthy couple, by this means, were placed in a situation which caused them not to realize their own straitened circumstances, as fully as they otherwise must have done. But born in poverty and inured to its privations, both had been accustomed from their very childhood to labor very diligently for their support: neither did they consider it a hardship to work, nor to perform the drudgery of life. And previous to their joining these colonists, they had been so poor, that their necessities made it necessary for their children to support themselves as soon as they were at all able to do so.

Anna and Mary Werner were twin daughters of this poverty-stricken pair. They were born in Germany, but very young when their parents emigrated to this country; were healthy children, and their resemblance to each other was so striking in their babyhood, as to render it exceedingly difficult to tell them apart. Even their mother, I have been told, was so puzzled as to their identity, that in order to be certain in the matter, she tied a piece of narrow ribbon either upon the wrist or finger of the eldest, as a mark to distinguish her from her sister; but as they grew up, Anna became a little taller than Mary, besides, then their personal resemblance was no longer as great.

At an early age, these two girls found a home in the Sisters' House at Bethlehem. Their religious

training had been carefully attended to, but their minds had received so little culture, that I believe neither of them could even read or write. Like their parents, they were hard working and industrious, and as their means of support, were employed in washing, spinning, and weaving, with other similar work.

These sisters were strongly attached to each other. This, united to their amiable tempers, and uniform cheerfulness of disposition, with their truly Christian character, made them always happy; while it secured to them the respect of their associates and gained them many friends. They toiled side by side, companionship sweetening their labor; and such was the strong sympathy of feeling existing between them, or something surely akin to it, that if either became sick, the other soon drooped with the same complaint; and it was a singular fact, that even when any accident befell the one, in every instance save a single exception, some similar disaster happened to the other. No marvel, then, these circumstances gave others, as well as themselves, the impression, they would probably not be separated even by death; but that the destroying angel would kindly be permitted to bear their spirits away together.

No thoughts of any other separation, it would appear, had for a moment entered the mind of either, until one of the brotherhood, a respectable mechanic, desired Anna as his wife. He was of

very industrious habits, clever at his trade, unexceptionable in his character, and altogether a very worthy person. And as the arrangement of the Community of Goods no longer existed, and he was so capable, he had the prospect of obtaining more than a comfortable maintenance for himself; therefore in circumstances to warrant his marriage.

The usual course of procedure took place. The Lot was used, and the answer being propitious to the marriage, the proposal then, without any delay, was submitted to the astonished Anna. At the same time she was told of every thing that could be said in favor of the match; besides this, she had every necessary information communicated to her concerning himself and his family.

As Anna listened to these details, she became impressed favorably with this proposition. She believed that the connection might be a desirable one, at all events, worthy of her serious consideration; she therefore requested to be allowed some days ere she rendered her reply, which of course was granted.

And now, new and varied emotions swelled the hearts and occupied the minds of these affectionate maiden twin sisters. It was a season of trial to them both, but it would be difficult to say which suffered the most intensely.

The heart of Anna was the subject of strong conflicting feelings of interest and affection. Could she leave her dearly beloved sister Mary? the dar-

ling associate of her infancy, childhood and youth, her bosom friend who loved her so tenderly? The very idea was painful. Besides, Mary had but a short time previous to this, met with an accident, which had rendered her health somewhat delicate. As this was the only event of the kind in their lives in which they did not mutually suffer alike, was it sent as a token from their Heavenly Father, that the mystic tie which had hitherto so happily united them, was about to be dissevered? As this fancy presented itself, the big tears coursed their way down the cheeks of this fond sister. Then as she pondered upon the matter, and probed her feelings further, Anna made the discovery, that although yet quite a stranger to him who sought her as his bride, he was one to whom she probably could, if she would, soon become fondly attached. No marvel, then, that she suffered, or that she wavered for a season, ere she decided whether to reject him, and continue to live on in a state of single blessedness, struggling with poverty with her sister Mary, or to accept a destiny with a comparatively easy existence, and the strong arm of conjugal love to lean upon.

The situation of poor Mary was pitiable indeed. It was the first real sorrow which she had ever known, where her affectionate Anna had not, by her peculiar, kindly, and sympathizing participation, so shared it with her, that she could easily bear it. For Anna possessed more nerve and force

of character than her sister, who often manifested a degree of timidity, to which she was an entire stranger. This was, in fact, the only observable point of difference in the dispositions of these sisters, and it made Mary feel the more dependant upon Anna.

But she had a noble and generous nature—wishing to be unselfish and self-sacrificing where duty required it. She evinced this now, for while suffering severely at the prospect of their parting, with a magnanimity worthy of her, she determined not to prove a hinderance or barrier to her sister's future happiness and well-being. She, therefore, endeavored to discipline her feelings so that she could appear to be composed in her presence. Yet, though sincere in this resolve, it proved all in vain; her pale and speechless grief told that the effort was fruitless, and her situation caused much commiseration among their mutual friends.

A day or two passed over, and the following morning the decision of Anna was to be made known to the anxiously expecting brother. It was generally supposed that she would give a favorable reply; but this was mere conjecture, as she kept her own counsel upon the subject, not making a confidant of any one. Perhaps, indeed, she might still have been dubious and hesitating.

The whole sisterhood had retired for the night to their general dormitory, and were in the regions of forgetfulness, except two of its inmates, our sister

twins. Nought was heard but the deep, heavy breathing of the sleepers, save the distant sound of the hourly intercessory prayers, and a stifled sob which ever and anon reached the ears of the restless, wakeful Anna. It proceeded from her sister, whose little German bed was next to hers. It fell painfully upon her feelings. By and by she heard the affectionate girl mention her name; she listened attentively, as with much emotion she prayed most earnestly for her; for blessings without number to descend upon this beloved one; to gild her future life with happiness; and then with renewed sobs she entreated Heaven, if this dreaded separation had indeed to occur, to give her the necessary strength and fortitude, to bear this severe trial of resigning this treasured object of her fondest, dearest, earthly affection. She could say no more, for tears choked her utterance, and again she sobbed violently; neither could her sister forbear any longer. Softly, but hastily, she neared her. In a brief period they were clasped in each other's arms. Then only a few words were spoken, but they were sufficient to ensure a lifetime of happiness, and both were weeping together for very joy.

And why? because the decision was made; for Anna would not leave her dearest Mary, as Mary could not part from her. And at that moment they felt that they were dearer to each other than ever before. Then, to render their bliss complete,

this loving and affectionate pair pledged themselves never to separate ; that no earthly love or interest whatever should again overshadow with its darkness the very sunshine of their existence.

At the time when this occurrence transpired, these girls had lost both of their parents, and were, I believe, about twenty years of age. In the quiet stillness of that night, with their arms still fondly entwined in a loving embrace, these orphan twins agreed not only in the future that they would love as sisters, but that they would both try to supply their parents' loss to each other ; and from henceforth they were known throughout the settlement of Bethlehem, by the names of Father and Mother Werner.

After this severe test of the strength of their mutual affection, the lives of Anna and Mary glided on peacefully and happily ; their sufferings having, if possible, increased the fervency of their sisterly love. Not a ripple of discontent disturbed the current of their calm and joyous existence. And although, for aught I knew to the contrary, they were comely maidens to look upon, and it may be were well fitted to fulfil the destiny of woman in all the interesting relations of her sex, and perchance more than one single brother thought so ; yet they steadily persevered in keeping their pledge, and remained together two maiden twin-sisters.

Years sped their way, producing their own

wondrous changes. It found them still toiling on in their laborious occupations, and earning a scanty subsistence. But their hearts continued unchanged in their fond devotion to each other, while their tempers and dispositions were as pleasant as ever. Oh, it must have been beautiful, methinks, to see them together, when their wearisome, daily work was done, apparently forgetting their fatigue in those enjoyments, which only such pure and pious affection can bestow. There, in the allotted corner of a neat sitting-room, with their arms around each other's neck, or their hands fondly resting together, our orphan twin-sisters were often seated, either engaged in converse about heavenly things, or joining some of their sister companions in singing portions of their favorite Moravian hymns.

Time rolled on, and nearly thirty years had passed since Anna and Mary Werner had pledged their eternal union in the stillness of their sleeping apartment. They still loved each other as tenderly, neither of them regretting the vow then made, and continued to be objects of interest and regard in the little community in which they lived.

Now an interesting occurrence was about to transpire, which again brought them in especial notice. It is customary among the Germans to have certain domestic festivals to celebrate particular events, such as birthdays, marriage-days, &c. These are occasions of great rejoicings, and much festivity and considerable ceremony are frequently

observed. Friends, too, are wont, at such seasons, to take the opportunity of making presents as tokens of their affectionate remembrance, and some pleasant surprise often closes the joyous entertainment.

Our twin-sisters had long resolved, that, if their lives were spared to see fifty years, that anniversary of their birth should be celebrated as a sort of jubilee with them. And to render the festivities on the occasion complete, they purposed to give a love-feast to the whole sisterhood of the place, and invite every one of them to be present; and thus in fellowship together, to commemorate the blessings of their companionship, the happiness of their banded union.

Hence this simple observance of their natal day was looked forward to with eager anticipations of delight, not only by the sister twins, but also by the entire members of the household. And indeed all the inhabitants of Bethlehem generally participated in their pleasurable feelings, and many a one of them determined to contribute their quota to the felicity of this fondly attached pair.

The time at length approached. The day preceding this memorable event had come. It was in the month of June, and the weather proved delightfully pleasant, while the air was redolent with the fragrance of many flowers. The whole sisterhood were in a state of excitement, of innocent and heartfelt pleasurable sensations. Their various occu-

pations for the day had to be suspended a little earlier than usual, in consequence of the happy event of the morrow. And here and there several of their number were seen in groups together, busily engaged in discussing the programme of procedure for the occasion, while their countenances beamed with the reflected joyous emotions of their hearts.

There is not to be found in this wide world of ours any people perhaps, who have a greater relish than the Germans for such kind of excitements; more especially when the individuals for whom they are intended, are, as in this instance, worthy of it. The whole community in this Moravian settlement was an exemplification of this fact. The result of this maiden conference was, that Father and Mother Werner had for this once in their lives, to promise the obedience of children to their associate sisters. To this they cheerfully assented with childlike simplicity and happiness, and they were hurried off to bed very early in the evening. Then commenced the note of preparation for this important festival celebration.

Their table was covered with a snow-white cloth, around which were carefully and tastefully pinned one hundred red roses, emblematical of their united ages, and of their maidenhood, pink and red being the colors worn by the Single Sisters. Besides these, some white ones were scattered upon the top, in allusion to the years they were perhaps yet to live. On the table various presents were fancifully laid,

some of which were in envelopes bearing the names of the different donors, each containing some kind lines expressing congratulations, friendly wishes, a text of Scripture, or perhaps a stanza of some Moravian hymn like the following :

“Lord, strengthen thou their heart,
To them such grace impart,
That nought which may await them
From thee may separate them;
Let them with thee, their Saviour,
United be for ever.”

Bright rose the sun on the morrow ; but he had scarcely appeared above the horizon ere a considerable number of that loving band of Moravian Single Sisters were noiselessly stirring. By and by sweet strains of delightful music broke the stillness of that quiet place. Melodious voices singing in concert, blending in perfect harmony with the sound of guitar, clarionet, and violin. It was a birthday serenade to our Orphan Twin Maidens ; and those tuneful notes and simple words of the sympathizing sisterhood, methinks, have floated down the stream of time to live on the page of history. Translated into English, one of them reads thus :

“Unto thee, most gracious Saviour,
These dear Sisters we commend !
Look on them in grace and favor,
To their prayers and wants attend ;
Grant them both a tender feeling,
Of thy love and gracious dealing,

That their hearts may truly be
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

“ This alone can keep them steady
In their simple path of grace,
And when any thing seems ready
To disturb their happiness,
Lord, in mercy them deliver,
Keep their feeble souls for ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure ! ”

This musical performance was immediately outside of their sleeping apartment.

Thus were Anna and Mary Werner awakened out of their peaceful slumbers on the morn of this auspicious day. Soon they were clasped in a fond embrace, while they bedewed each other's cheeks with the tears of grateful joy and of warm affection. But their companions impatiently awaited their coming, and I cannot stop to be prosy even if I would. After a brief interval they were in the midst of the kind-hearted sisterhood, where they were greeted by smiles and congratulations.

Then pleased and delighted as childhood's happiest moments, were our twins, as they examined the various birthday offerings bestowed by their associates. Some of the benefactions were money, while others were ribbons, muslins, &c. And surely they were almost to be envied—they, the poor hard-working daughters of poverty, as they received these solid and substantial tokens of sisterly regard

from many too, who, like themselves, were the children of penury, and had to earn their daily bread by very hard labor.

Our orphan twins were simply dressed in white, exactly alike, and with scrupulous neatness. According to the Moravian customs of those times, all the sisterhood wore a peculiar cap, fastened under the chin with a bow of pink ribbon, the badge of their state of single blessedness. Thus arrayed, with countenances radiant with happiness, these artless maidens held their first and only levee.

It was attended, as proposed, by the inhabitants of the place generally; and on account of the pecuniary condition of the twins, the contributions they rendered consisted mostly of small sums of money.

At this distance of time it is impossible to narrate the order of events as they occurred, or to enter into any detail. It must suffice therefore to say that this occasion proved a truly festive one,—and the whole day was one continuous scene of unalloyed happiness to all the participants.

The Lovefeast was held in the evening, and, I believe, confined exclusively to the sisterhood, except the wife of the officiating minister. Here an agreeable surprise awaited the twain. In the middle of the hall was placed two chairs for them. Immediately before these, mounted on a pedestal, was a pyramid of paper in a wooden frame, illuminated with one hundred wax candles all lighted—

while here and there might be seen one not lit—the former significant of their united ages, and the latter to denote the possible years of their future. In the centre of the pyramid their names were fancifully written, surrounded and united by a garland of beautiful flowers. Underneath this was some appropriate device, and a suitable text of Scripture.

As the twins entered in to take their seats, they were met by several of the sisters, who escorted them thither. Meanwhile the music of all the congregated sisterhood mingling with the sounds of different instruments greeted their coming. The brother who conducted the services on this interesting occasion viewed the scene with no ordinary emotions of feeling.

Between fifty and a hundred maidens were before him, of various ages, complexions, and sizes—from blooming eighteen to wrinkled fourscore years or more—but all with warm and loving hearts. Each dressed in pure white, a fit emblem of their own unspotted lives, and of the heaven to which every one of them was aspiring. The minister must have realized this as he looked around him; and I have been told that he was remarkably happy in parts of his address, and his prayer touching and marked with particular fervency of manner.

The Lovefeast followed, after which the festivities of the day soon closed. But the remembrance

of this birthday celebration of the Twin Single Sisters remained fresh in their minds as long as they lived; neither was it, I fancy, ever forgotten by any of the participants. And from the treasured storehouse of the youthful recollections of one of the most beloved and juvenile of that affectionate sisterhood, I have drawn the incidents of this narration.

Little more of interest to the reader remains to be told of the subsequent history of Anna and Mary Werner. They both lived to a good old age, but their hopes of quitting the world at the same time were not realized.

The first to die was Anna, that devoted one who had sacrificed the fair prospects of her young life upon the altar of sisterly affection, and who was generally known by the name of Father. She was long feeble, and finding her health failing, and realizing her probable removal, she sought among her maiden companions for one to supply her place to her sister Mary, that she should not, she said, pine away or uselessly grieve for her. One was found—a kind-hearted creature who had long loved both of the sisters dearly. Anna directly after declined rapidly, but survived long enough to see her dearest one, with meek submission, prepared to resign her. Then leaning upon the shoulder of her faithful friend, with her hand in Mary's, and her eyes fondly resting upon her, she calmly yielded her spirit to God. But the magic tie of life was

broken, and from this period the interest of Mary in sublunary things sensibly lessened; and in death this fond pair were presently re-united, and they now sleep near together in the burial-ground of that Moravian settlement.

BETHLEHEM SCHOOL.

It was my intention originally to place all the sketches of Bethlehem together, and ere I gave any from the school. But for reasons not necessary to mention here, I have altered the arrangement to the present one, and will now bring before my readers other reminiscences of those days of my childhood, containing personal recollections of some of my teachers and schoolmates.

Ere I enter, however, upon my sketches of any of either of these persons, from the characters I shall present to my readers, I deem it necessary to say a few words in reference to both of these different classes of individuals of the school.

With regard to the teachers, I will only observe concerning them, that I wish it to be borne in mind that I am speaking of the past, and not at all as the Institution is at present managed, but of the period at which I went there, when scarcely any were to be found as teachers within its walls, except those who belonged to the Society, and some of these.

from age, deficiency of education, or otherwise, were not properly fitted for the undertaking.

In truth, a portion of them were not at all calculated to teach any thing else but the simple rudiments; while their ignorance of human nature in general, and consequent want of tact and management, rendered them wholly unfit to discipline the various dispositions placed under their charge. This arose in part from the difficulty sometimes occurring at that period, of obtaining from among themselves suitable persons duly qualified for these situations; also from the fact, that the remuneration then given was so small, as to offer but little inducement for acceptance to superior teachers; and another reason, perhaps, was the peculiar ideas still prevalent in the Society upon the subject, which considered more the religious training and culture of the hearts of children, than the cultivation of their minds, and of some of the usual accomplishments of their sex; and besides these reasons, this school, as well as the others established by the Moravians, was not originally designed as a finishing seminary for young ladies, I mean one where they could be thoroughly educated, but only adapted for children, and promised nothing more than a plain and useful education.

Yet, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Steinhaur, who was the Principal during a part of my stay in the Institution, it gradually materially changed its character. He immediately sent to England

for several very excellent and competent teachers; next older scholars were admitted, and new regulations were made; while others were modified, or so altered as to suit the wishes and wants of its numerous patrons and friends; which has resulted in the present popularity of this Institution with the public.

In reference to the scholars, of whom sketches will be found in this volume, it will be perceived that they embrace quite a variety of character, and the reminiscences concerning them differ considerably from each other—indeed, as much so as the individuals themselves, whom they are severally intended to represent. And as far as I can come to a certainty of the matter, they are all reliable statements of facts relating to these schoolmates of mine—of circumstances detailed which did actually occur, except when I distinctly state that such possibly was not the case—and besides, perhaps these various events did not happen exactly in the order narrated here.

But while writing upon this subject, I would say to my readers, that I wish them to remember, that as in large schools in general, so also at Bethlehem, the pupils came not only from many different places, but under various dissimilar circumstances, and were besides of almost every rank of life, disposition and habits. Some of these girls had been thoroughly spoilt ere they were brought there. These tried the tempers and patience of our teachers very much, by their improper behavior. In truth, in

consequence of having been previously mismanaged at home, they were placed under the mild government of the school, in the hope that they would be benefited thereby. Besides, there were some of reckless and daring natures, or full of fun and mischief; while others manifested worse traits of character, such as envy, malice, jealousy, pride, selfishness, artfulness and cunning. In short, I believe we had exemplifications of almost all the common natural infirmities of disposition belonging to our humanity; and all expected to be subjugated, or brought under control by teachers, to most of whom, from their own peculiar education and inexperience of life, it was really a very weighty and ponderous undertaking. And when they were of amiable and gentle natures, as several whom I could mention, I marvel not that they shrank from continuing any longer than possible to discharge this responsibility.

And with these prefatory remarks of my associates at Bethlehem School, I pass to the subject of the following sketch.

KATIE SULLIVAN AND SISTER MOCK.

THE schoolmate of mine whom I shall designate here by the name of Katie Sullivan, was a strange wild-looking girl in appearance, and still stranger in character and disposition. Indeed, to my thinking, she bore so strong a resemblance in all these lineaments of herself to the native aborigines of this country, that I have always been under the impression, that she certainly must have been closely related to them by the ties of consanguinity.

She was, if my memory does not deceive me, somewhere between twelve and thirteen years of age when she entered the school, and brought thither by a couple who, we were informed, were her father and stepmother; a youth accompanied them, the only brother of Katie, who was to be placed at Nazareth Hall.

They were a singular-looking party; these four people, and there was much to attract attention to them, not only in this respect, but for another reason which I will directly speak of: but I pass now to describe them as well as I am able from memory,

as they now present themselves before my mind's eye.

To begin with the head of this family—the father. He was, I believe, a farmer; plain and rustic in appearance; habited in coarse garments, I should judge of domestic manufacture; of subdued aspect and manners; serious to gravity, and evidently under considerable restraint. His wife was a dowdy-looking woman, whose habiliments were originally of much costlier materials than her husband's, but now considerably worn; and the fashion thereof, which looked every thing else but genteel, was altogether peculiar to herself. Besides, she had a hard forbidding countenance of mahogany color, and seemed very repulsive, and shockingly disagreeable in her whole conduct and bearing. This she particularly manifested in her behavior to her husband and his children; the former of whom she treated as a mere cipher, without any respect whatever; while to the latter she had not a kindly word, but assumed towards them a harsh, dictatorial style of language, for which she received in return from both, ever and anon, a look of proud defiance and hate. She did all the talking in behalf of Katie, and made every arrangement; her husband meekly standing by and not uttering a word on the occasion.

The son was a shy, awkward lad of fourteen years old, clothed in common domestic; and I remember nothing more of his appearance, except

that he was tall, and of dark complexion; while his sister Katie had a darker hue, with not any pretty features except her eyes, which, it seems to me, were as black as possible, and capable, methinks, of the greatest variety of expression. Her hair, too, was of correspondent color: it was black, long, straight, and wiry: her face oval, and her form slender and rather graceful. She was dressed in very ordinary attire—aye, positively, quite mean and shabby. I cannot now recollect it exactly, but I remember she had on a cheap calico frock; an old chip hat; and a faded cotton shawl: while the whole of the rest of her wardrobe I believe was contained in a moderately sized coarse linen bag, which her brother had in charge.

Such was the appearance of this group, and under such unfavorable auspices did Katie Sullivan make her debut at Bethlehem School. It was under these disadvantageous circumstances, that she took her place among the pupils of the Institution: and it proved exceedingly unfortunate to the poor girl, that such was the case; since it subjected her to an infinite variety of annoyances and grievous mortifications.

For the human mind being prone to be influenced in its impressions of others considerably by external appearances, it is no marvel that she suffered in consequence in the judgment and consideration of her associates, nearly all of whom were children, and that they immediately formed strong

prejudices against her : indeed for a space it seemed that no one in the Establishment was at all prepossessed in her favor, but on the contrary, the bias universally turned in the opposite direction.

At this period, Katie was truly a lonely and isolated being—alone, friendless, and desolate;—yet with a gathered band of young people about her, in a large school, then numbering at least one hundred and fifty inmates, few of whom scarcely noticed her, by speaking a kindly word, or taking any but the most ordinary interest in her. Some of her schoolmates even demurred walking beside her to church, or anywhere else. Poor Katie felt all this peculiar conduct to herself very keenly: she soon suspected the reason, when she painfully realized, that it was because of the meanness of her clothing, and her supposed inferiority to themselves in point of real position in life, that they thus acted towards her. She was of a very high-spirited, sensitive nature; consequently it goaded her feelings terribly, and she winced with very pain at the thought. But hers was not a disposition to brood over unpleasant realities, and make herself long uselessly unhappy about disagreeable or embarrassing circumstances over which she had no control; nor to receive insult without retaliation.

She possessed strong passions, powerful impulses, and great force of character, and yet some of the most noble and excellent qualities of mind and heart; but the former had, as yet, been much more

developed than the latter. Long years of constant ill-treatment from an unkind stepmother had fostered these characteristics, besides, had encouraged vindictiveness, and inclined her to indulge a bitter spirit and hatred to her kind, whenever she considered herself aggrieved by them. And, child as she was, she had so studied human nature, that she understood how to command fear, if not love. She had learned, also, how to trample down all opposition to herself, as well as to force those whom she would, to succumb to her wishes; for she was a singularly gifted girl, this Katie Sullivan.

Her schoolmates soon discovered this, and that if she had not been favored by fortune equal to themselves, and instead, -was poor and of low degree, that she could not be treated as an insignificant person, with whose feelings they might trifle with impunity. In addition, they perceived that her temper was implacable; that she was full of resentment; suspicious and malicious; besides, when angry, that her temper was truly terrific; and then how insatiable was her revenge, and how certainly she visited it upon her unfortunate victim. Yet while thus vindictive and malevolent to those who inflicted any injury to her pride or self-love, she evinced the most grateful affection and devotion towards those who befriended her, and there was no service whatever in her power, which she did not seek to render them. She cordially sympathized in all their trials, griefs or difficulties, mak-

ing them her own. She espoused their cause whenever they needed a champion; faithfully and successfully too; for I believe she always came off victor. Such was my schoolmate, who appears here under the cognomen of Katie Sullivan, and as one of the companions of my childhood who then particularly interested me, I present her to my readers, to give a brief sketch of some of her sayings and doings while at Bethlehem.

I have said that Katie was poor, and so she certainly appeared to be during all the time she was there; and such was the general impression while she remained in the school, as her wardrobe continued always very scanty, neither was she allowed a cent of pocket-money. In consequence, as was natural, the supposition prevailed that the family must be in restricted circumstances; but I have since been informed that such was not really the case, and to her stepmother, ascribed the sole cause of all her deprivations. And I have no doubt, as I have intimated, that the situation in which she had found herself placed with this relative, was the means of developing so strongly while so young, the unamiable lineaments of disposition which I have mentioned.

Now leave we for a space the unfortunate Katie, to speak of another of my cotemporaries and hers at Bethlehem School, whom it is necessary for me here to introduce to my readers. It may be that to some of them she is not a stranger, but that

they recognize in her a former teacher; and to such, methinks, her name will awaken memories of the past, and perhaps they may be familiar with a portion, at least, of the incidents concerning her, given in the following pages.

In fact, all the ladies who were at Bethlehem School within a few years of the first forty years of this century, will doubtless recollect Sister Mack, or Mock, as she was universally called throughout the place. It is fitting that I speak of her here, as she is closely connected with most of the occurrences I mean to narrate of Katie Sullivan.

She was a daughter of a missionary associated for a space with the father of Sister Charity, another of our teachers, when laboring in behalf of the Indians in Connecticut, and suffered severely in consequence of the hostility of the savages to the gospel. From Bishop Holmes's notice of this missionary, we gather in addition, the following facts: that he labored as such, successfully and acceptably in the Society, for a period of more than fifty years, nearly half of which time among the North American Indians, while he passed the residue of his days in the West India field with the negroes. His children, three daughters, were all born, I believe, while engaged in the first-mentioned undertaking. Two of them married clergymen of their own communion, while Sister Mock, who, I have been told, would fain have followed their example, or gone forth as a missionary, was never called

upon to fill either situation, but ever remained single, and continued to reside at Bethlehem. There, where she was best known, it is my impression that she never made many friends, nor was she, I should judge, ever popular in the school.

In truth, she had so many infirmities of temper, such a number of unamiable traits of disposition, that I marvel not if only a few persons were found generous and kind enough in their natures, to be able to find a mantle of charity sufficiently large and thick, so to keep them from view, as to allow them to entertain sentiments, either of respect or affection for her. Thus, I thought as a child, and subsequently for a considerable period; but, as years passed by, with added wisdom and experience of life, I am disposed to judge her differently, and to regard her many inconsistencies of character with more leniency and forbearance. For Sister Mock was an aged woman, perhaps somewhat in her dotage, and besides, had been constantly engaged in the one wearisome, trying employment of teaching for the space, I believe, of about thirty years; a sufficient time, methinks, to have exhausted all her few natural amiable qualities.

But to describe her more particularly. The old lady was not an ill-looking woman; her features were rather good; her form not very tall, slight, and remarkably erect, while her manners, to a stranger, were quite plausible. The style of her dress was, of course, the prevailing mode of the Moravian

sisterhood, which I have fully described ; but in addition, she indulged in the eccentricity of varying it on Saturdays, to the night-dress of the coming week, with a white dimity petticoat. And altogether habited in spotless white, with her sallow countenance, she presented somewhat of a singular appearance.

At the period of which I am writing, she was considered almost superannuated, and, in consequence, lived in the room with her widowed sister, old Mammy Schlegel, who had charge of the town and German children, the day scholars of the school. Sister Mock assisted her, and had no other duty besides that I can remember, to perform in reference to the other pupils in the institution. But she had a very meddlesome spirit ; was a great busy-body, quick-tempered, deceptive, and not discreet in the use of her tongue. It will not be wondered, therefore, that she was generally disliked in the school ; nor did the scholars respect her ; in consequence, some of them indeed were so naughty as to play tricks upon her. Of several of these, I have forgotten the perpetrators ; but I recollect a number which were performed by Katie Sullivan. the narration of which, should she now be living, and this simple record of them meet her eye, methinks, would probably recall them to remembrance ; besides, cause her immediately to recognize herself, in the heroine of this sketch. Of those I remember, I have selected the following.

and give them as well as my memory serves me, in the order in which they occurred.

Katie had done something which offended Sister Mock. I cannot recollect now what it was, but I remember she became very much incensed in consequence. The old lady was exceedingly passionate and vituperative in language. Katie, in return, provoking and saucy. This increased the wrath of Sister Mock, when she made matters worse and worse by the course she pursued; for as was her wont when vexed, she did not stop to choose her words, and said some very insulting things to Katie, which the high-spirited girl neither could nor would bear silently. She retaliated upon her in no measured terms of opprobrium, which produced in reply from Sister Mock, language still more offensive and repugnant to the feelings of the poor girl. She reminded her of the ragged condition she was in when she entered the school—aye, reproached her most cruelly with it—told her that she was no better than a beggar, and deserved never to be any thing else; expressed wonder that any of her schoolmates demeaned themselves so much as to hold any intercourse whatever with her; and they were only actuated to do so, from sentiments of pity; and that she was more of a savage than any other kind of human being, together with other words of similar import, and quite as abusive.

Katie, at this time, had attained to a position in the school, and no longer quite as desolate and friend-

less there as formerly ; for some of her schoolmates now more or less associated with her, and she was beginning to indulge the hope, that, perhaps the first unpleasant impressions concerning her were fading from their remembrance, when thus unfortunately recalled to their minds. Hence no marvel with her disposition, that as Katie heard the old lady thus talk of her, reviving circumstances which she only desired to be forgotten as speedily as possible, that her temper was aroused, that she became perfectly furious. She turned, at first, deadly pale, and trembled with rage ; nor could she for a space command herself sufficiently to answer her at all—excessive anger preventing her ; but at length she found words, and they were severe and bitter in the greatest degree, while her eyes flashed with indescribable scorn and contempt. All present looked on with perfect amazement and dread at what was to follow. Presently she became more calm ; then deliberately, yet with a voice unsteady with emotion, she observed :

“ You have said that to me, Sister Mock, which I will neither ever forgive nor forget, and I will make you sorry for it ; yes, mark me, you shall certainly repent of it,” and then she hastily withdrew from her presence. And the exasperated girl doubtless would have fulfilled her threatened resolve, had not one of our teachers—Sister H.—succeeded in preventing her.

This lady's sympathies had become enlisted in

behalf of the poor girl. She was studying her disposition, in order to be better able to understand how to control it; for she meant to use every effort in her power to bring her apparently ungovernable nature into subjection. She was a woman of a great deal of decision and firmness of character; sensible, amiable, and of good judgment; gentle in discipline, very affectionate, and as well able as any of our teachers in the school to accomplish this object. She found it, however, a truly discouraging undertaking, for as yet, she had not made much impression upon the strange, incomprehensible nature of this pupil, yet she determined to persevere; and as there were some indications about Katie that she was beginning to understand and appreciate her feelings towards her, it cheered her with the hope of ultimate success.

And here I would observe, for the sake of preventing any wrong impression upon the subject, that neither Katie Sullivan nor Sister Mock, were samples of the pupils or teachers of Bethlehem School; such characters—I allude particularly to the latter—I am glad to say were rare in that establishment, and the old lady was probably almost the only teacher in the Institution whom any of the scholars would have dared to treat with the same disrespect, such conduct not being allowed there; but be it remembered that Katie Sullivan was altogether a most remarkable character; and that Sister Mock was quite as peculiar in her way.

Two such natures as theirs, of course, could never assimilate; although, as will be seen in the sequel, they so far conquered their mutual aversion, that they were considerably mollified to each other. And with this change it is to be hoped that both became endowed altogether with better characters, and more attractive qualities of mind and heart.

From this digression, I turn to resume the thread of my narration. I was speaking of Katie Sullivan, and of her determination to be revenged upon Sister Mock for the outrage she had committed upon her feelings, and that Sister H. prevented it. She did not, however, directly take any steps in the matter, but left Katie to herself, until she was somewhat cooled in temper. She then took her aside, and spoke calmly to her upon the subject.

At first Katie would not listen to any extenuation of Sister Mock's conduct, but remained firm in her resolve—was full of bitter resentment and vindictive feelings towards the old lady. But Sister H. persevered in her endeavors to soften her hard and obdurate spirit. She spoke very wisely and judiciously. She admitted that Sister Mock had done wrong in thus speaking of her; yet at the same moment tried to convince Katie that she too, was greatly to blame; for she had allowed herself to use exceedingly unbecoming language to Sister Mock, who she ought to remember was old, and

on that very account, if for no other, entitled to her respect; and besides, considerable allowances should be made for what she said, as she probably was more or less childish.

This conversation made some impression upon Katie, yet only with a partial good effect; for the result was, that she promised not to inflict the threatened harm upon the old lady; yet, she had not forgiven her: she felt she owed her a grudge: she therefore resolved that she would at least play her a trick: and she watched for an opportunity, which soon occurred.

It was on the 4th of May, the Single Sisters' Festival—one of the peculiar observances of the Moravians, which as I mean to describe fully elsewhere, I will only now say of it, that it was the great day of the year to all of our teachers, who were still in the state of single blessedness; or if not so, the Society intended it should be. It was a day universally kept in the place by all the maidens of every age, or degree in life; and with all more or less if possible with some floral decorations.

It was customary in the school among the scholars to participate in a measure in these festival celebrations; sometimes indeed only by kind wishes and congratulations, but oftener in other ways. For instance, some of them previously agreed upon, rose earlier than their wont on that particular morning; a selected number of whom—good singers—

wakened the teachers from their slumbers by a vocal serenade.

Yet this was not all the attention they honored this observance; for in one or more of the rooms, the day was sometimes, though rarely, further remarked by another demonstration—having a festal table. But as this act usually emanated from scholars of any particular division of the school, and entirely a voluntary contribution on their part, it was generally the most liberally accorded to the teachers, who were the most popular with their charge.

The young ladies of our room this year, being so happily situated with those who had them under their especial supervision, determined to outdo all the other sets of scholars in the school, on this occasion, in giving this pleasure, as a small memento of their affectionate consideration for them, and made their arrangements accordingly. First, they secretly subscribed among themselves, sufficient money to purchase a certain quantity of wine and nice cake—next, they provided a clean white table-cloth, glasses, &c., some pink ribbon to aid in the decorations. The best writer in the room meanwhile had penned a congratulatory note, which the best composer had indited, to which was appended all our names, begging our beloved teachers' acceptance of our united offering. This was fancifully tied with pink ribbon, and subsequently placed upon the table.

All the above articles were ready in season for the places assigned them. We had been successful.

in obtaining every thing we desired, except the necessary amount of flowers. It so happened that we were unprovided with roses, we had not been able to procure any. In fact, the spring that year was rather backward, and there were only a few persons in the town who had many of them. Yet we could not dress a Single Sisters' Festival Table, without their favorite flower. The query now was, where there were any, next, how we could provide ourselves with them.

At this juncture, some one recollected the circumstance of Sister Mock having quite a considerable number in her arbor in the Pleasure Ground, which she had carefully nurtured to grace her own Festival table. Directly after this observation was made, Katie Sullivan's eyes glistened with pleasure, while an indescribable expression of satisfaction passed over her dark and usually immobile countenance ; then in an animated and assured tone of voice, she said :

"Make yourselves easy, girls, about the roses, leave the getting of them entirely to me, and you may be certain that if they are to be had, you will not be disappointed. You know I did not subscribe any money to this object, but instead, I hope it will be in my power to furnish all the flowers we need for the table."

Her schoolmates looked at her inquiringly ; she said, however, nothing further upon the subject ; yet early on the eventful morning, we found that

she had gathered quite a quantity of green leaves, and a few common early spring flowers, but where she obtained them did not transpire. And after breakfast, and during the interval of our teachers' attending the first of their religious services for the day, she again absented herself.

This was the hour usually appropriated to arrange the Table, and we lost not a moment in our preparations. We had just commenced, however, when Katie Sullivan came into the room, almost breathless with haste, laden with rosy treasures, which she displayed to all our delighted eyes.

"Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!" was the repeated exclamation. "But where did you get them, Katie?" was the eager inquiry of many voices. She replied not.

"Pray did you not take them from Sister Mock's arbor?"

"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies," was the answer given; "but mark me," she continued, rolling around her large black eyes, until she took us all in the survey, "if either of you breathe a syllable about this, so that Sister Mock at all suspects me, I will make you rue it, so every one of you mind to hold your tongues; and now let us be busy, for we have no time to lose."

Then fast went our fingers, and we made a beautiful garland around the table, and two very good-sized bouquets. We arranged these in their proper places, together with all other articles we

had gathered for the occasion ; and had scarcely finished doing this, when our teachers returned from church. Then well were we recompensed for our labor of love, in their delighted surprise and pleasure ; while we looked on pleased at their gratification, and in the consciousness of contributing so much to their enjoyments of the day.

Then presently it became noised about in the school, what the girls in the third room had done on this occasion ; and as we were the only set of scholars that year who paid this compliment to their teachers, it excited the more talk and observation. In consequence, group after group both of teachers and scholars, visited our room in order to see it, and foremost among the former came Sister Mock.

The old lady no sooner presented herself, than all of us gave an involuntary rapid and anxious glance at Katie, who seemed annoyed by it, but only in return, put a finger to her lips, and motioned us to withdraw our gaze—then assumed a perfectly imperturbed countenance.

In the meanwhile, Sister Mock went to the table, and we perceived her directly examine the garland, and not one of us, except Katie Sullivan, could refrain from a smile ; but she apparently did not at all notice her. Yet the old lady only stayed a few moments ; she left the room, and in a brief space after, we marked her wending her steps as quickly as possible in the direction of the Pleasure Ground,

from whence she presently returned, and was again in our midst.

She was now evidently much excited and out of breath, and obliged to rest a moment to recover herself ere she could speak; then again walking up to the table, she took up one of the bouquets thereon, pointed to some of the roses there, and said these, or similar words:

"Yes, a fine show you have got here, girls!—and with my roses too!—but I know full well who did it—Sullivan was the thief; yes, you wicked girl, I know you took them."

Katie immediately flew into a passion. "Prove it," she replied, "prove it, I say," her eyes flashing meanwhile, with the excitement she was in; "or I certainly will make you sorry for what you have called me."

Sister Mock looked anxiously around. "Tell me, girls," she continued, appealing to the rest of us in a coaxing tone, "are not these my roses, and did not she take them?"

But the basilisk eyes of Katie Sullivan were upon us, and we were all too much afraid of her to dare, if we would, give the required answer.

Our silence did but exasperate the old lady the more. "You Hottentot—you savage—you—"

"Stop! stop!"—interrupted the dreadful girl—"take care what you say, how you call me names! I tell you, I will not suffer it from you with impunity, old as you are!—but I repeat, prove that I

took your roses, and then you may brand me as a thief, although I was not before aware of the fact, that either the roses or the arbor were exclusively, rightfully belonging alone to you ! ”

As the scholars persevered in preserving this secret, of course she could not prove this allegation. Yet ever after Sister Mock was very apt, when speaking of Katie, particularly when she was not present, to designate her by the obnoxious epithet of *the thief Sullivan* : and thus the feud between the twain continued and increased.

In truth the old lady was very prone to call the scholars names ; and Hottentot, Savage, and Esquimaux, were common appellations when she was angry with them ; while my child, and daughter, were bestowed when she was in good humor, especially to the few who happened to be her favorites.

But to return to Katie Sullivan. From the date of the preceding occurrence her feelings towards Sister Mock were perfectly inimical and revengeful, and many a proof had the old lady of the endurance of her unkind disposition to her. Yet Katie always managed to use such precautionary measures as to enable her to escape being convicted of any of these offences against the comfort or happiness of the poor old woman. As I write, quite a number of these incidents recur to me, and the most clever trick perhaps she ever played upon her, was the following :

It was in the summer of the same year when

two ladies came to Bethlehem, one of whom had formerly been a pupil in the Institution, when it seems she had been an especial favorite with Sister Mock. As usual on such occasions, this lady soon found her way to the school, where she impatiently hurried to the room occupied by Sister Mock and her sister. It was easily found, it being the first apartment that met the view upon entering the principal door of the building.

It was after duty hours, and the two old Moravian sisters were entirely alone when the visitors arrived.

"And this is Sister Mock, is it not?" exclaimed the younger of these ladies—"dear Sister Mock!"

"Yes, that is my name," replied the old lady—at the same time looking earnestly at the inquirer.

"I thought that I was right—that I could not be mistaken," said the other. "Oh! I am so very glad to see you. How do you do? and how have you been this very long time—and how well you look, considering your age. Oh, how glad I am to be once more at Bethlehem, and to see one of my teachers,"—then throwing her arms affectionately around the old lady, she kissed her repeatedly.

Sister Mock cordially returned the salute, though in truth she really did not know who it was that so warmly greeted her, nor could she at all imagine it, not being able to recall a single lineament of her features to her remembrance.

But the lady's veil partially covered her face;

she however removed this obstruction, yet no recognition was the consequence. The lady must have perceived this, for she observed—

“Oh, I am afraid that you do not remember me; I am very sorry, but perhaps you may recollect my name—Maggie Slocum.”

“Oh, certainly I do! but surely you cannot be her.”

“Yes, yes,” replied the lady, laughing, “it is the same.”

“It cannot be possible!” said Sister Mock, “that this is indeed my dear Maggie, my little daughter, as I used to call you.”

“Yes, it is the same, the very same,” answered the lady, warmly, pressing the hand of her former instructress.

“Well, well, I must believe that it is really so; but you are so altered, and it is so many years since you were here, that you must not wonder, nor be hurt, that I did not remember that it was you.”

“Oh no, certainly not,” was the answer.

“Well, I am really glad to see you,” replied Sister Mock; and again they had a hugging and kissing time, with many expressions of mutual kind feelings of interest.

Then Maggie introduced her companion, who, I believe, was a near relative of hers—an aunt, if I remember right. She said that she was travelling with this lady on account of her health, which had become exceedingly feeble; that they, with several

of their friends, were sojourning at the present at Schooley's Mountain, and being so near to Bethlehem, she persuaded her to accompany her thither to pass a little while in a place where she had spent a portion of her childhood. And then this pupil of former days talked with her aged teacher for some time upon various matters, which she supposed would interest Sister Mock, giving her an outline of her own individual history since she left school, besides telling her some particulars of several of her schoolmates there which had come to her knowledge, all of which information apparently gave the old lady considerable pleasure.

Sister Mock expressed herself highly delighted with this visit, and she pressed Maggie earnestly to remain longer with her friend, and to take tea with her. But the invalid was too much fatigued to do so; however, as they intended to remain over the next day at Bethlehem, they accepted the invitation for the following evening. And with this understanding the visitors left.

It so happened that there had been a witness to this meeting—an attentive listener to the whole of the conversation—who let not a word escape her, and closely observed every article of dress, together with the manners peculiar to this Maggie, to serve a purpose immediately originating in her fertile brain, and which I mean now, as well as I can, fully to relate. It was one of the scholars who thus listened, planned, and observed; and my readers

probably will not be surprised to learn that it was Katie Sullivan, nor be slow in guessing the nature of the intentions of this designing girl.

But to proceed with my narrative. No sooner had the ladies departed, aye, even ere Sister Mock had taken her final farewell of them for the day, than Katie, full of her purposed scheme, had glided quietly from her hiding-place, walked hastily but stealthily away to some retired spot, there to cogitate how best to carry it successfully into execution.

That same evening a number of her room-mates were summoned by Katie in the apartment adjoining our school-room, known by the name of the *next room*, but which was in fact our dressing-room. When all were assembled, she said that she had a communication to make, to which every one present must promise her, not only to observe the most inviolable secrecy, but also to co-operate with her as much as she desired in reference thereto,—then seeing some of them looking anxious, she added :

“You can easily do this, girls, for I will not get you in any scrape: do not be afraid of that, for should there be any trouble in consequence, there is no danger that you will be involved thereby.”

Her schoolmates upon this assurance gave the required promise. But to insure our secrecy in the matter, she took first the little finger of one, then another, until she had all linked in hers—and fixing

her penetrating black eyes upon each individual, she said in a solemn, emphatic tone,—

“Finky—pinky bo-bell,
Whoever tells a lie
Will sink down in the bad place,
And never rise again.”

After repeating these foolish lines over separately to all present, she added :

“And now girls you are bound by an oath not to divulge what I am going to tell you. It is a very serious thing; for, remember, if you break your word you will certainly go to old Nick, who, if he gets you into his clutches, will as surely burn you up.” And her schoolmates, awed by her manner, trembled as they reiterated the required promise of secrecy.

Having thus secured their silence upon the subject, and consequently much of the risk of discovery, Katie without further preamble, mentioned the arrival of these visitors to Sister Mock, and of the invitation she gave them for the coming evening: then disclosed her intention of making it the opportunity of playing the old lady a good trick. She meant, she said, to personate this Maggie in order to take tea with Sister Mock, and eat up some of the good things provided for the occasion.

“And now girls,” continued the artful Katie, “I have let you in the secret, because I want your aid to perfect my plans, and I must be furnished from

your trunks with the necessary articles of disguise."

This requisition was readily promised, though some of us endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, but she was inflexible in her determination—hence it proved of no avail. But I confess that I became so frightened at her daring that I would have nothing to do further in the affair, except to look at her after she was fully rigged for the undertaking.

Katie, among other endowments of nature, was an excellent mimic. She could talk, walk, or act almost like anybody she chose, and was able to imitate the manners of a finished lady as well as of a person of low life; and as she was a remarkable close observer, it took her but a short space to study any character she wished to represent.

As early as she could on the succeeding afternoon, after school hours, she was up in the trunk-room with some of her schoolmates, one of whom she stationed at each door as sentinels upon guard, to give intimation of the approach of any persons thither, who were unacquainted with the affair. And then there was such a tumbling of clothes out of trunks; putting them in again; making the necessary selection; then fitting them on; for she must be dressed precisely as Maggie had been yesterday. Fortunately, for her purpose, she could easily do this, as that lady was in second mourning, and her dress was black silk.

When Katie had gathered together whatever she wanted, the articles were taken down stairs into the little kitchen of the school, which was then seldom used, and at that time vacant. There she attired herself, some of her schoolmates assisting her. She happened to be nearly the height, and very much of the figure of Maggie, and when entirely equipped, and with a thickly spotted black lace veil, was pronounced by herself, to be a good counterfeit resemblance of that lady. She was in excellent spirits, confident of success, and pleased with the nature of her enterprise; while some of her schoolmates quailed with apprehension concerning the result, and would fain, if they could even then, have prevailed upon her to relinquish it.

A few minutes only afterward she passed out the lower door of the school perfectly self-possessed, and with a firm step she went forth to fulfil her mischievous purpose.

It is proper here, in order to be fully understood by the general reader, to mention, that the room in which Sister Mock then lived, was not only near the principal door of entrance of the Institution, but also in front of the building, which, being situated at the termination of the main street, commanded a view of the whole on either side; an advantage to Katie in this affair, since it enabled her, by careful watching, to escape in time to prevent detection. The distance between the two doors was so short, that it took her but a few mo-

ments to reach the upper one, and Sister Mock's room, at which though open, she rapped.

It was so early that the old ladies were not yet prepared for their visitors, and she only found Mammy Schlegel in the apartment, by whom she was kindly received and engaged in pleasant conversation until Sister Mock came in, which occurred only a little while afterwards. And as soon as she made her appearance, Katie, in imitation of yesterday, in raptures of delight, put her arms affectionately around her neck and cordially embraced her. Then, ere Sister Mock could ask any questions, gravely informed her in a subdued tone, that her friend was quite sick, and unable to accept her kind invitation; nor would she have allowed her to leave her to make this visit, had not she herself urged it—from the consideration of the mutual disappointment it would occasion—and, indeed, had insisted upon her coming, and desired her to present her compliments and regrets.

“I am very sorry,” said Sister Mock, believing that it was indeed her friend Maggie, “but I am glad that you have come; so now take off your things, and let us talk again of old times.”

“You must excuse me, my dear Sister Mock, as I am very anxious about my friend. She is very nervous and low-spirited. I feel that I ought not to leave her long, but I thought I would come and sit awhile with you,” was the reply of the pretended Maggie.

"Yet you must stay and take tea with me," said Sister Mock.

"Thank you; you are very kind, and I should be exceedingly pleased to do so, but you know I am in such a hurry."

"I am sorry for it, but I will get tea directly; but you had better take off your things."

"Well, I believe I will throw off my scarf; but as I did not expect to stay only a short time, I did not arrange my hair, and you know I was always very particular that it should look nice, so pray excuse me if I keep my bonnet on."

Yet Sister Mock could not recall to mind the fact of the neatness of this former pupil, nor did she care at all about it. She experienced, however, some chagrin and annoyance at this hasty visit; nor did she like her friend as well to-day as yesterday. Yet she had not the slightest suspicion of the imposition practised upon her, but continued to entertain the idea that it was indeed the veritable Maggie Slocum who sat before her; one of the few scholars of the Institution who had ever expressed any particular warmth of affection towards her.

The old lady expressed herself exceedingly disappointed at the shortness of her proposed stay, but she bustled around to fix the table, and to put thereon all the good things she had provided. Then, what an excellent tea she made; how truly agreeable she was; and, what a nice, cosy hour. Katie and the old ladies had in discussing the past.

Besides, how Katie enjoyed that tea; and how she eat of the cake, fruit, &c., as if she had never tasted either before, at the same time praising every thing, much to the gratification of Sister Mock, although the poor, simple soul was perfectly amazed at her extraordinary appetite. In truth, the voracious girl made quite a clearance of the best articles.

Yet, notwithstanding thus engaged, she forgot not to keep a watch at the window, in order to prevent detection. For the better purpose of securing this object, Katie, at her own expressed desire, was so placed at the table, that she could see whatever passed in the street, to be ready for the start when necessary. She still kept her veil down, although not entirely over her face, but she managed to arrange it so as to conceal the greater part of her features.

Presently, she suddenly arose, saying, that as she had far exceeded the stipulated time of absence from her friend, she must hasten her departure. took cordial leave of the old ladies, and just made good her retreat, when there was another rap at the door, and Maggie, with her relative, stood before the astonished, wonder-struck, Sister Mock.

As will readily be supposed, the whole affair excited a great deal of talk in the school, and Sister Mock became exceedingly wrathful upon the subject; and, in fact, her visitors had scarcely left her, ere she was busy in making interrogatory investigations in reference thereto, for the pur-

pose of discovering the perpetrator of this mischievous trick. She went among all the older pupils, and stopped in our room on this errand; yet, altogether in vain, for though the aggressor was there, both of our teachers were entirely ignorant of the matter; and not one of the scholars in the secret, would betray the confidence enforced upon them in the peculiar manner I have described.

Yet, although without any certain evidence of the fact, Sister Mock, as usual, suspected Katie Sullivan of being the guilty party—aye, indeed, she appeared to be thoroughly convinced that it was done by no other person, for the reason, as she confidently asserted, that no other scholar in the Institution had sufficient impudence for such an undertaking, and enough of Satan in her to carry it out successfully.

Katie did not deny it, but appeared to give very little heed to the old lady, yet encountered her steady gaze as she talked upon the subject with so much indifference and imperturbability of manner, that a casual observer would scarcely have believed her to have been really the offender; and the only reply she made to the oft-repeated charge of Sister Mock, that she had actually done it, was the usual provoking one of, “prove it, prove it, I say; for, until you do this, I will not take any further notice of your accusation.” On account of the inability of the old lady to comply with this requisition, she could do nothing more than complain;

and the affair passed over as the other, without her having the satisfaction of seeing Katie Sullivan suffer even a reproof in consequence.

From what I have here related of this wily, artful, and designing girl, my readers can judge, in a measure, what sort of a disposition she had; also, to form some idea of the immense influence a strong mind, determined and inflexible in purpose as hers was, though belonging to a child, can exercise upon her associates, even should there not exist any tie of interest or affection between them.

In truth, though now mingling more and more freely with her schoolmates, as yet she had but few friends among them, and still less to love her; but she was universally feared, and indeed, become the terror of the whole establishment. All were much afraid of her tricks; of being victimized by her; hence, were careful not to offend her. She was, therefore, treated kindly, yet generally with respectful indifference; while all seemed to keep aloof from her as much as possible.

I say all: but I must qualify this assertion; for there were a few exceptions—two of our teachers and several of the scholars. To some of these individuals I alluded in a previous part of my story, as befriending Katie, and all in return received the most grateful affection and devotion of heart from this undisciplined, reckless, don't care disposition. And in this circle alone was she believed to be capable of any good whatever; or of possessing even

a single redeeming quality of character. For, notwithstanding her numerous and glaring faults, they did not judge her so harshly, but were disposed to regard her altogether with more charitable feelings: in fact, they sincerely pitied her, and their compassionate interest being excited in her behalf, rendered it easier on their part to put as favorable a construction as possible on her conduct.

Besides, they considered the disadvantageous circumstances under which poor Katie had probably labored while at home, which, of course, had had a tendency to engender much rancorous animosity, with a host of other hateful propensities, and to choke up whatever virtues she possessed. These real friends of Katie,—I am speaking now more particularly of the teachers I mentioned,—indulged the hope, that by gentleness and kindness, with judicious discipline, they would ultimately win a way to her heart, and the result would be a complete reformation of character. They were encouraged in this hope, because she had already proved that her heart was not impervious to kindness; for where it had been bestowed upon her, she had shown her appreciation of it; and on closer observation, they had the discernment to discover the glimmerings of a better nature within:—that under this unprepossessing and unamiable exterior, far below the present currents of her acts and doings,—her rash impulses—her implacable, passionate, and subtle nature, was another, though scarcely

developed, and almost in a dormant condition, which contained some of the most noble and lovely traits of our humanity. They hailed these evidences with pleasure, and while it increased their interest in the unfortunate girl, they resolved to make it their constant endeavor to foster these virtues into lively exercise for her own especial benefit. From this period they redoubled their efforts in her behalf—noticed her more and more—smiled approvingly at her conduct whenever they could, and commended her for it. Thus their influence upon Katie was established; and properly bestowed, it ultimately proved very beneficial in moulding anew her character, and they were soon, although almost imperceptibly, doing this.

But the progress in this desirable change was indeed very slow, because of the material of mind to be acted upon, and the numerous evil tendencies so rooted therein, as to render it difficult to make any permanent good impression.

And Katie at first received their overtures of kindness with distrust, suspicion, and wonder:—then she considered their motives—surely they could not have any but a purely disinterested one—they must be her friends who thus faithfully labored for her welfare; and because they manifested this interest for her, the despised, neglected, isolated being for whom nobody had hitherto cared or even spoken kindly to, she was convinced of the fact; or why were they so gentle and amiable to her, so pa-

tient with her wilfulness, so mild in reproof, so forbearing with her temper and many faults?

Thus reasoned Katie; and it was pleasant for her to be thus regarded—to be able at length to believe that she could be of some estimation with her fellow-creatures. All these circumstances combined, had the effect gradually of softening her obduracy—conquering her strong determined will—subduing her proud rebellious nature—giving her self-respect, and making her altogether ashamed of her general conduct, and resolved in every respect to amend it.

I have said that Katie had some inherent excellent traits of character, and that her teachers had discovered them. As these were cultivated, and became more and more apparent to her companions, the result was, that the prejudices against her lessened, and she gained other friends, and presently found herself quite popular in the school.

Yet Sister Mock and she continued hostile to each other—though Katie now endeavored to give the old lady no further occasion for her ill will. The old leaven of bitter animosity towards her, however, remained still in her heart—she had not as yet been able to conquer it; but there was a constant effort on her part to keep it under control; yet she could not always command her temper when necessary, or adhere to her resolution of not again retaliating upon her.

And the old lady continued to say provoking things, though, perhaps, not as frequently as for-

merly ; but I remember only one instance afterwards when Katie allowed herself to become so incensed against her, as to take vengeance in consequence upon her. It occurred, I should judge, at least about six months after the trick I have narrated. But she had been much aggravated, and the circumstances, as near as I can recollect, were the following.

To relieve the monotony of the long winter evenings, among other innocent amusements, to afford the scholars a pleasurable excitement, it was customary, occasionally during the season, in one or more of the subdivisions of the school, to have a dramatic representation. These were got up in the different rooms by our respective teachers, who selected the pieces to be performed, chose the actors, assigned each their part, and made all the other necessary arrangements, together with giving us the proper instruction.

It was all simply arranged, and usually occasioned considerable enjoyment. Thus we performed Hannah More's Sacred Dramas, "Search after Happiness," and "Moses in the Bulrushes;" besides an interesting little piece called the "Shepherdess," and two others of the names of the "Inquisitive Girl," and the "West Indian." These latter were translated from the French, by Sister Hartley, an English teacher—and in addition, one or more I believe of *Madame De Genlis*—all con-

taining nothing but female characters, and altogether quite unobjectionable.

And then, what a time we had at our rehearsals—and how often it was repeated, in order to perfect us in our respective parts; and when the eagerly anticipated evening for the performance at length arrived, how desirous were we all to don our character dresses, and how excited until the whole affair was over.

These Exhibitions were generally held in the chapel of the school, near the farther end of which was the theatre of performance. This we concealed from view by a thick muslin curtain. The audience, who occupied all the rest of the space in the room, were mostly composed of other teachers and scholars—our Principal and his lady—other clergymen with their wives—any known respectable visitors who might be at the time sojourning at Bethlehem, and perhaps a few of the regular inhabitants of the town.

Our dressing-room, on these occasions, was in the rear, and belonged to the sick-room department of the school; while the orchestra, if we had any, was either in the pulpit of the chapel or within the curtains.

At the given moment, the curtains were drawn aside, when the performances commenced with a Prologue; next followed the Drama, while the whole closed with an Epilogue.

At one of these entertainments by the pupils of

the division to which I belonged, I think it was the "Inquisitive Girl," Katie Sullivan had the part of a servant girl given to her, who was a very important and prominent personage in the piece, and required considerable talent to personate well. Katie took this character with great reluctance, and only because her favorite teacher, Sister Hartley, requested it, who gave it to her for the reason, that from her talents of mimicry, she certainly was most competent for the undertaking. Nor did she make a mistake—Katie's performance was admirable—and she received many compliments in consequence, which evidently much gratified her. Indeed, to my thinking, Katie altogether appeared to greater advantage that evening, than ever before; which circumstance caused more than one person present to comment favorably upon her altered disposition, and general demeanor.

She was still the subject of their encouraging observations, when unfortunately she heard the whispered remark, that no wonder she could act so well, it was her real character, and representing her own natural position; or words of similar meaning. Katie immediately recognized Sister Mock as the person who thus spoke. Ah! where now was her look of pleasure, the sunbeams of happiness which had illumined her countenance, and seemed to dance on her future pathway of life? They were gone—in an instant they had vanished—and instead, over her dark face for a moment flitted the shadow of

the demon, who was whispering in her ear, to be revenged; nor did she heed the pleadings of her better nature, in angel accents, entreating her to forbear from her purposed wrath.

In truth, the old lady had so wounded the feelings of the prond and sensitive girl, that it aroused all the bad passions which she was so earnestly striving to subdue. Yet, as was her wont, for a space she said nothing; but the flashing of her black eyes, her look of defiant scorn, her trembling frame, her pallid countenance, told of the fearful contest within. One thought alone now possessed her—the gross insult she had received—next, how she should revenge herself, so as to prevent the recurrence of the outrage in the future, for this seemed to be the main object of retaliation. Then there arose a tumult of her feelings, a struggling between the good and bad in her nature, and she hesitated a brief space in her purpose; for as Katie was not as implacable as formerly in her resentments, she probably had some qualms of conscience to contend with; but when she thought how her feelings had been outraged—of the sufferings occasioned her by the stinging remark of the old lady—and how ill she had always used her, she stifled the suggestions of her faithful monitor; her scruples vanished, while it nerved her wavering resolution, and settled her in the course she designed to pursue.

Her teachers, with some of her schoolmates, endeavored to soothe her, but in vain. It seemed

that her feelings could not be appeased, until her vengeance had been wreaked upon the thoughtless old lady ; nor did she pause to reflect on what she intended doing, but, under the influence of her strong passions, determined to accomplish her object as soon as possible. What she did, will now briefly be told.

I have mentioned that the room Sister Mock and her sister lived in, was on the lower floor of the school ; besides situated directly opposite to the smaller dining-room ; and the large bell of the Institution, with a long rope attached to it, was immediately outside this eating apartment. It was suspended in a hall which led to the back-door, beyond which, a piazza extended across the whole of the rear of the main building of the school, terminating at each end with a flight of steps communicating at both places, with what may be called the rear wings of the establishment.

It is necessary here in my narration, to give some idea of these localities ; next to say, that our teachers did not sup with us, but had that meal subsequent to ours by themselves ; also, to say, that they were privileged to take whatever they chose from our table. I cannot, however, recollect during the whole time I was there, any availing themselves of this right, but Sister Mock, and she invariably did so. She usually made her selection directly after our supper-bell rang, in the interval when the scholars of the different rooms were

being arranged according to rule for the occasion.

I forgot to state that, besides the hall, there was another passage-way that passed both of the dining-rooms, and parallel with the piazza, at both ends of which hung a lantern, while another was near the bell.

One evening, very soon after the "entertainment" just spoken of, a few minutes before our supper-time, Katie Sullivan passed hastily through these halls into the piazza, then down the nearer flight of steps, nor stopped until she reached the woodhouse of the school, where she gathered an armfull; then rapidly yet very quietly, she retraced her way, until she stood before the door of Sister Mock's room and the dining-room, where she very softly placed it; then put out the near lights, and immediately afterwards rang the bell.

As Katie expected, directly thereupon, Sister Mock made her appearance with pitcher and plate in hand, and almost immediately after, a fall, followed by a scream, and a groan or two, were successively heard; then she was quiet. No sooner had this occurred, than Katie became not only excessively frightened at what she had done, but conscience-struck at her conduct, and full of remorse in consequence. Yet she stayed not a moment where she was, for, hearing doors opening and steps approaching, she fled with the greatest precipitation and dismay, rushed along the piazza,

next down the steps, to conceal herself among some of the outbuildings.

Here Katie stopped, and with a mind painfully agitated, endeavored to reflect upon what had occurred; and how she was implicated in it; the wicked act she had committed, with the possible consequences, both to herself and the old lady. She could not reason calmly upon the subject; one thought alone occupied her mind, which almost overwhelmed her with anxious apprehension and distress. It was the idea that, perhaps, she had killed her, and, by the indulgence of her revengeful spirit, done this dreadful thing. The impression of such a fearful reality, terribly agonized her; for she certainly had no intention of doing her any serious harm whatever; though, perhaps, the real truth was, that she had not any definite notion of the extent of the injury she wished to inflict upon the old lady. Katie herself said, that she only wanted to hurt her a little, and to frighten her more; to make her cease from annoying her. But, led on by her passions, it is more than probable, that, for the moment, she became reckless of the consequences which might ensue. Yet now when the cravings of her evil spirit were satisfied, she was truly unhappy and contrite. Nor did she excuse her conduct at all, but felt perfectly condemned and sorry for it. And then what scalding tears of penitence poured down her cheeks, marking the entire subjugation of the demon in her nature.

And poor Katie was truly, thoroughly subdued, as she knelt in her hiding-place and prayed to that God who seeth in secret, for strength and grace to enable her now and for ever to cease from indulging rancorous animosity, or any revengeful feelings whatever, not only towards Sister Mock, but also to every other human being. But the poor girl was restless and uneasy, dreading, yet anxious to return to the scene of her folly and the sad catastrophe; nevertheless, determined upon the purpose she had formed, not only to acknowledge herself the offender, but to make all the atonement in her power to the old lady; and if she could listen to her, she would freely tell her all, and humble herself before her; and, with these feelings, she went forth, yet trembling with fearful anticipations, to seek her.

She found her worst fears groundless. Sister Mock, though severely, was not seriously hurt. If I recollect right she had broken one of her limbs—or, if not fractured, she dislocated it, and was just recovering from a fainting fit when Katie returned.

“I really wonder if Katie Sullivan did this,” was being said by one of the gathered group around the old lady, at the moment when Katie came in their midst.

She looked very pale and excited, while her swollen eyes betrayed that she had been weeping.

“Yes, it was I,” she replied. “I only am guilty of this act. I freely acknowledge it; I did

it because I was very angry ; but I am very sorry now, and hope that she is not much hurt."

"Hurt!" exclaimed Sister Mock ; "why, I am almost killed, which, I suppose, you will be right glad to hear, although you look so pitiful about it, and pretend to be very sorry—you hypocrite—you savage—you Hottentot—"

Katie turned deadly pale ; then a bright spot appeared on either cheek, while her lips quivered and her whole frame seemed inwardly convulsed,—yet not now with rage, but with the effort to keep it down, and to follow out her noble resolve. Yet she could not directly command words, but perceiving preparations making for conveying Sister Mock to the sick-room, she made a desperate attempt, and then said :

"Yes, I did it—and believe it or not, I had no wish to hurt you much. You made me do it, because you are continually persecuting me, and calling me names ; but I am indeed very sorry for it, and beg you to forgive me ; and more than all, as a proof that I mean what I say, I here solemnly promise you that this is my last revenge upon you—and whether you call me a Hottentot, savage, Esquimaux, or any other reproachful or contemptuous epithet, I will never retaliate upon you again,"—saying which, poor Katie burst into a flood of tears.

All present were surprised, and many were affected ; and even Sister Mock was moved, yet she did not immediately make any reply.

“And is it possible, Sullivan,” she at length said, “that I hear you speak so, and that you have so much grace given you?”—then, after pausing a moment, she stretched out her hand to Katie and continued,—“Remember, we are all poor sinners, my child, and perhaps I have been to blame in this matter; if so, I must try to do better in the future, and I freely forgive you.” Then putting up her lips she drew the astonished girl close to her, and imprinted upon hers a long and affectionate kiss as a seal to her forgiveness. And from this time forth, there was peace between Sister Mock and Katie Sullivan.

I know not how long after this occurrence the latter remained in the school, but it must have been rather more than six months, during which interval she played no more tricks on any one; and from the date of the circumstances just given, she managed to gain many more friends among her school-mates and superiors. Yet there was one of the scholars, a girl whom she dearly loved, who for some reason never explained at school, suddenly ceased speaking to, or even noticing poor Katie. This grieved her deeply, but she did not resent it.

In the meanwhile her parents continued to furnish her so scantily with clothing and other necessities, that she was glad to receive the cast-off garments of her companions, and their old books, &c., &c. And she was grateful for being thus sup-

plied, while her manner was such as to forbid any unpleasant remarks in consequence.

It was during the period of which I am now writing that I became dangerously ill, when not any of my schoolmates were so kind and attentive as Katie Sullivan. I had early obtained her affectionate regard by showing her various little acts of kindness, which, although they did not altogether amount to much, were highly estimated by the needy and friendless girl; in consequence, whenever opportunity offered, she took pleasure in manifesting her grateful feelings;—and now, when I required attention, as often as she was allowed, she came and stayed with me in the sick room, ministering as well as she possibly could or knew how, to my comforts and necessities;—at one time coaxing some good thing for me from the irritable Sister Katy, our sick nurse, or bathing my fevered aching brow; and while I write, busy memory brings all this before me—Katie Sullivan as the tender nurse—the gentle, sympathizing companion—the faithful and devoted friend. No marvel therefore that I loved her, nor my interest in her was strong and enduring, and that I would gladly trace out her subsequent history from some certain unquestionable authority.

But I have never met with her since we parted at Bethlehem, and have heard only once of her during that period, and then quite a tale was given me; but it is altogether so very extraordinary that

I have always been inclined to doubt the truth of it. Yet be that as it may, as it is interesting, I sketch it briefly for my readers.

I was told that just before, or soon after Katie returned home, her father died, and that she and her brother thereupon found themselves entirely at the mercy of their stepmother, who put Katie into the kitchen, and made her the household drudge, while she sent her brother Lemuel into the fields as her working slave. In addition she treated them both very cruelly—aye, so much so, that at length they mutually agreed no longer to subject themselves to it, but leave her, to seek an asylum among strangers. Yet where to go they knew not, or the best course to take to secure their object. But the wide world was before them where to choose, and Katie with her strong determined will, as soon as she had made up her mind upon the subject, would suffer no earthly thought or consideration to deter her from it;—no, although thereby she was abandoning the property rightfully their own, their just inheritance, the home provided by her father for his orphan children.

I know not how long this occurred after Katie's return from Bethlehem, but it could not have been many years; and my impression is that she must still have been under age. The brother and sister did not go together; Katie went first. Lemuel was despatched after her; he never returned. I did not learn whether he joined his sister, but I should

judge not, since Katie was alone in the wanderings which succeeded her departure. I heard that she fled to the woods, passed at least one night there, where her life, I heard, was endangered by a panther; she escaped from its clutches as by a miracle, had some other equally as incredible adventures; then after several days' travel, she at length found herself before the door of a comfortable-looking farm-house, where she asked permission to remain for the coming night, which was granted.

This house proved to be the residence of an old lady, who had formerly been a friend of her family, and indeed was Katie's godmother. She found her almost alone and sick, nearly bedridden with the inflammatory rheumatism. She gave Katie a very kindly welcome, and when she ascertained who she was, expressed herself glad at her coming; invited Katie to stay, and presently pressed her to remain permanently with her, which offer Katie gratefully, gladly accepted.

Hereupon she devoted herself to the old lady, humored her various whims and caprices, and patiently bore all her irritability and peevishness, which her aged friend properly appreciated. She was childless, had no relations, and was quite wealthy. Whether Katie was aware of all these facts I have not been informed, but she made herself so necessary to her godmother, that she could not do without her.

Presently the invalid required constant atten-

tion; Katie bestowed it, and was unwearied in her devotion. The old lady not only realized this, but often acknowledged it; and one day, after having taxed her patience and forbearance more than usual, she said: "God Almighty bless and reward you, my good girl, for what you are doing to me;" and then she promised Katie, if she remained with her and closed her eyes, she would bequeath her all her property; which Katie did, and soon after she had a paper executed to that effect.

The old lady did not long survive this instrument. At her death, Katie found herself quite an heiress; for besides the residence of her godmother, she came in possession of some valuable property. Her first desire was to share it with her brother—but my informant could not tell me whether she had succeeded in finding him.

The next occurrence I heard concerning her was, that after a space she had sold the homestead of her godmother, and about removing from thence, when she met with a distressed looking old woman, who was famishing, she said, from hunger, and so weary with fatigue, that she could not proceed any farther, and begged Katie for God's sake, to give her some food, and a place of shelter.

Katie, who had realized the painful situation of wanting both, and whose wealth instead of hardening her heart against the necessitous, had made her benevolent and kind, caused the houseless and destitute stranger to be taken into her dwelling and

provided with food and raiment ; besides, with a comfortable apartment. And not content with this hospitality, she went herself to see whether her orders had been properly executed. As she looked at the forlorn, miserable mendicant, she directly recognized her to be no other than her stepmother. I know not by what calamity or misfortune she became reduced to this abject condition ; but as the story goes, she had been cheated out of her property, and then driven forth from it. And if such really was the case, it is an instance of retributive justice as remarkable as it is striking.

My informant further stated, that instead of showing any resentment towards her, for her harsh conduct to herself, Katie treated her well, and had her kindly cared for ; but the old woman did not long require her kindness, for she shortly died.

The last event of interest in relation to Katie which my informant gave me is, that hearing the schoolmate with whom she had had an irreconcilable difference at Bethlehem, was become so poor as to render it necessary to support herself ; she resolved to visit her, in order to try to be of service to her. She found her friend had married within a year after her return from school, and to an old man of between sixty and seventy years of age ; a discarded beau of an aunt of hers. He was then wealthy, but had since lost all his property, which had compelled his young wife, still in her teens, to

turn her musical abilities to account, and to give lessons in music and singing.

The meeting between Katie and this friend of her childhood, was preceded by an affectionate note from her, which produced an immediate reply, and the long estranged friends soon after had a cordial re-union; old differences were forgotten, and directly the severed bond was re-knit in closer intimacy; but whether Eliza accepted the proffered generous kindness of Katie, of sharing her purse and her home, my informant did not tell me. I am, therefore, not prepared to state any thing upon the subject. And thus I close this to me apocryphal account of my former schoolmate at Bethlehem, who appears here under the name of Katie Sullivan.

SISTER MARIA.

AMONG the teachers of Bethlehem School when I first became a pupil in that Institution, was Sister Maria Beaumont. Under this cognomen she was known there, though not the real name of her father. She died within a year or two after. Her whole history as I have heard it, being truly a sad one, and attended with very unhappy consequences to herself, and her death singularly melancholy, the entire circumstances of the case fastened themselves the stronger upon my childish mind; and from the repository of the recollections of this portion of my life, I have gathered out this sketch of her history.

She was the daughter of an English gentleman, a West India planter, and a favorite black slave, by whom he had besides several other children. All inherited, I have been told, more or less the sable skin of their mother, save this daughter, who, though not of fair complexion, was as white as a large portion of the European race—indeed considerably lighter than a Brunette; yet her features generally

betrayed her African origin, while her hair was rather coarse and very curly.

When Maria was about nine years of age, she and her only sister Betsey were brought to Bethlehem by their paternal grandmother for the purpose of being educated, the Moravians at that period receiving such children among them in their schools; and thus quite a number of Indians, some Creoles, Meztistoes, Quadroons, with other mixtures, were admitted into their Seminaries of learning. The object of the Society in allowing this arrangement, was from purely Christian motives originating from their missionary undertakings, which, in making them acquainted with the spiritual wants of their fellow-beings, brought with it the desire in like manner of ameliorating their moral condition, of fitting them for a life of usefulness on earth, as well as preparing them for a blessed eternity. Hence, unless a cogent reason existed to prevent it, such applications were not refused. Here they were very kindly treated, and every pains bestowed upon the culture of their minds.

The contrast in the appearance of Betsey and Maria Beaumont was great; the former being as black, as her sister was fair. In fact, if I have been correctly informed, she gave the impression of her belonging to the African race, possessing with her skin much of the character of that people. If I remember right, she cared neither for study nor books;—was rather stupid; while her sister was

bright and intelligent, eager to learn, and really appreciated the advantages offered of acquiring a good education. The former never seemed to have any painful feelings because of her color, neither did she appear to look into the future of her destiny with any unpleasant forebodings.

Maria, on the contrary, was exceedingly sensitive upon the subject, and even from her first coming suffered considerably from the knowledge of her being the child of a bondwoman; and that, although much fairer than her sister, the same ignoble blood coursed alike through the veins of both. It was a marvel too that she felt it so keenly, since allusions were seldom made in her hearing in reference to this misfortune, and she was ever treated with considerate kindness. I know nothing of the disposition of Betsey, nor whether she was fond of her sister; but I have been informed, that the prominent feelings of Maria for her, were a mixture of pity and tenderness; and frequently she would twine her arms about her, and while affectionately caressing her shed torrents of bitter agonizing tears.

The sisters continued together at Bethlehem School, I believe, for the space of nearly five years. At this time, Maria, the eldest, was fourteen; and Betsey just arrived at the age of twelve. From this date their education was to be considered completed, and they were to be no longer any expense to their friends. But Betsey still continued sadly deficient, though for the fate awaiting her, the mind

of this poor unfortunate, probably, was more improved than necessary ; and she had certainly been entirely too carefully nurtured.

Maria, however, so benefited by her opportunities, that she had become quite a good scholar, but particularly excelled in music. In truth, she was a superior performer, and possessed a remarkably fine voice. Indeed her vocal powers were perfectly charming.

The old grandmother came for the girls, accompanied by a gentleman empowered with the right of settling the future condition of the sisters. They were subjected to the scrutiny and strict examination of both these individuals ; then a consultation was held upon the subject with some of the good people of the place, who were considered competent for the purpose, after which it became settled that Maria was to remain in the settlement, there to support herself, and Betsey to return to their native home in the West Indies.

Almost directly after this decision, the sisters separated ; never more to meet again upon this side of eternity. Maria on this occasion wept bitterly. Added to the pang of thus parting with Betsey, she had an undefined anxiety concerning her. Perhaps the fearful shadow of her sister's future fate even then flitted before her. Maria now became an inmate of the Sisters' House, where measures were immediately taken to put her in the way of earning her own livelihood. She was employed

in various ways, in the mean time improving her musical talents. She conducted herself very well—proved very diligent and amiable, but so sensitive regarding herself, so humble and retiring, as to prevent much association with her companions; yet she was generally respected, while her situation excited much sympathy.

The history of Betsey after she left Bethlehem was for a period involved in uncertainty. No one had really become acquainted with her sad fate, though a painful tale reached the settlement six months subsequent to her departure from thence, and been heard by her wretched sister, that the unfortunate girl was scarcely returned to her native sea-girt isle, ere she became aware of her real condition, of her being a slave; also that the fetters of bondage were thrown around her, and her own father riveted the chains. He had himself sold her.

This story was deemed too horribly unnatural to be true, and poor Maria, told not to believe it. Nor did she; but she cheated herself with the vain hope that presently Betsey herself would write a complete contradiction of it. Yet, while still indulging this pleasing anticipation, a missionary couple arrived at Bethlehem from one of the neighboring islands where her father lived, who not only confirmed this dreadful rumor, but in addition, stated that her mother and brothers were also thus disposed of, and to different purchasers.

This arrangement was made in consequence of

her father's marriage, which had taken place in England a short time previous to this occurrence, the excuse being, that the sale was deemed expedient to prevent unpleasant feelings on the part of his bride. These facts were gently told to the distressed Maria, and when she learnt that her father had indeed thus trafficked with his own flesh and blood, and with the mother of his children, had reduced them all to this abject and pitiable condition, she became almost broken-hearted, and a long space elapsed after this, ere Maria Beaumont either raised her eyes or smiled; and from that period, I believe, she ever carried an aching heart.

Time passed on, bringing with it its wondrous changes, and it did so to this unfortunate and grief-stricken one. She had been about three years in the Sisters' House, when she casually heard of the death of her father. It was passing strange how she obtained this information. She learnt the fact from a piece of newspaper, the wrapping round an orange, received by one of the West India school girls, accidentally thrown on the floor beside her.

A few months after this, she heard quite as singularly of the death of her mother, but it had occurred more than two years previous, and was brought about by her changed condition, from being the pampered favorite of her father, to becoming a common working slave; besides being separated entirely from all her children, and having no domestic ties about her to interest her. She was

rendered miserably unhappy in consequence, and did not long survive; and from a slave of an adjoining plantation, who came with the family to whom she belonged, on a visit to Bethlehem, her poor daughter obtained these sad particulars of the closing part of her life.

The health of Maria Beaumont, at this period, was very delicate. Besides this, she indulged in a very unhappy state of mind. She had brooded over the sufferings and trials of her unfortunate family; in imagination had frequently viewed them in their captivity; seen the sorrows and hardships of their enslaved condition; witnessed their degradation and hopeless misery, until she had become perfectly melancholy and wretched; while ever and anon, the painful thought would obtrude itself upon her, that, although favored with the complexion of freedom, as the offspring of bondage, of a poor negro woman, she was in truth, subject to the same galling chains which encircled her, and that in reality, she was nothing but a slave. This preyed like a canker-worm upon her spirits, and seemed to be sapping the very life-blood of her existence.

Afterwards, when the account of her poor mother's death reached her, and she heard all the sad circumstances of the case, it appeared as if the cup of her misery became too full for her any longer to survive. At this period, she was really so feeble, as to require the greatest effort on her part, to attend to her usual occupations. In truth, the

sad tidings dreadfully shocked her; she screamed terrifically in her agony, until reason tottered; she raved in delirium, and became perfectly frantic. Then, by turns, she earnestly begged to die; entreated those about her to kill her; or fancied that she was about to be sold, her own father being the salesman; next, she was pleading for her poor mother, her sister, or her brothers, imploring kindness for them; and by and by she imagined she saw one or another of these unfortunate kindred of hers under the lash; that they were sick or suffering, destitute of comforts or attentions; were parting with each other, and wandering away to different plantations; then saw her mother die, all alone, without a single friend near to smooth her dying pillow; afterwards, she suddenly came upon poor Betsey, so fearfully altered she could scarcely recognize her, and was just about embracing her, when her overseer approached, said something very insulting to the poor girl, then cruelly separated them.

Hereupon she wept bitterly, raved terribly upon slavery, and then, for a space, became silent from perfect exhaustion. She remained quiet for some time. Presently she opened her eyes; they rested upon the doctor whom she observed with watch in hand, attentively regarding her. At this moment, he took hold of her wrist to feel her pulse. It so happened that to his watch was attached a rather massive steel chain, which he wore around his neck.

This immediately attracted the attention of Maria, and agitated her greatly; for it somehow became associated in her mind with slavery; for, as soon as she noticed it, she shrieked violently, then shrunk as far as she could in the bed from the doctor, looked at him imploringly, earnestly entreating him not to take her away and make a slave of her, for she was a white girl; then inquired how he knew she had a black mother, and in slavery; but that she was free, and neither could be bought or sold.

Upon this, the doctor, with several sisters who were present, all endeavored to calm her. They told her she had nothing to fear; therefore, should not be so alarmed.

"But the chain, I see it; yes, I see it; the chain with which he is going to bind me! But don't—please don't put it around me!"

"It is only the chain of my watch," replied the doctor; "see, Maria, it is fastened to it," placing them both, as he spoke, near her.

"Take it away!" she exclaimed with increased agitation, "take it away, I say; I cannot bear it near me. Oh, do not fasten it on me! Yes, kill poor Maria Beaumont, rather than make her a slave!"

And thus she continued to rave frequently for a considerable space of time. But by and by the fearful imaginings subsided, she became more calm, though not as yet rational, except at intervals; then

some feared that her mind would ultimately settle in a permanent melancholy. The doctor prescribed quiet, and she was left much alone. But this procedure would not answer, for it made her indulge in the fancy, that no one cared for her, because of the black stain upon her birth; the indelible mark stamped upon the very lineaments of her face which showed her ignoble origin.

There were those who, at this time, gathered about the couch of the sufferer to minister to her relief, and manifest a tender interest in her behalf. The man of God, together with some of the sisterhood. All these breathed forth kind words, while they showed their Christian pity, and genuine philanthropy.

Yet, although these attentions were felt and gratefully acknowledged by the unfortunate girl, her feelings could not be soothed into calmness; nor did she give heed fully to what they said until assured over and over again, that she might always remain where she was; and, if her father's kindred came to claim her, the Society in Bethlehem would not let them have her.

I believe these good people had an opportunity almost directly after her illness, of entirely, and in the most effective manner, relieving her mind upon this painful subject. I know not to a certainty exactly how they accomplished it, but I am under the impression that, at this very time, the store-keeper of Bethlehem went to Philadelphia to pur-

chase a fresh supply of goods; that he was commissioned to seek her grandmother, and if he succeeded in finding the old lady, to inform her of the lamentable condition of this child of her son's; to confer with her in consequence, and endeavor to obtain some guarantee from her, that poor Maria should be permanently safe in the asylum where she herself had placed her.

He fortunately obtained her address, and without any difficulty whatever, gained access to the old lady, who very willingly furnished him with the paper he solicited, which he bore to Maria in the form of a letter. It contained a written promise on her part in the name of all her father's relatives, that she would never be sought by any of them for the purpose of removing her from her present home. Her grandmother wrote very kindly, gave Maria the advice to remain satisfied where she was; to make herself as happy and useful as possible; hoped that she would do well; regretted that she had been so very ill, and sent her a small enclosure to pay for the extra expenses of her illness.

As I really do not know, I am unprepared to say, whether at this period Maria Beaumont was a professing member of the Church. Yet, be that as it may, the circumstances attending her illness; the deplorable state of her mind in consequence, together with the condition of her peculiar situation, were all doubtless made subjects by her spiritual instructors, to impress upon her heart the

necessity of looking to a higher source than her fellow-creatures, for the enjoyments of her temporal existence ; the wisdom of seeking a better portion for herself than earth can afford ; to subdue all her feelings of repining and discontent on her unfortunate isolated lot, by raising her thoughts continually upward, setting her affections there ; and to seek her all of earthly bliss in the anticipations of heaven, in the blessedness of its redeemed inhabitants.

It was thus that the good Moravian people of those days would have spoken to one so tempest-tossed in feeling, as the unfortunate Maria Beaumont ; in this way to assuage the bitterness of her painful position ; at the same time, giving her their assurance, that, as long as she merited it, she would ever experience from them all, a kindly sympathizing interest, besides, true sisterly affection.

Maria, after such conversations, became more tranquil in mind ; but she was naturally proud and high-spirited. This added to her exceeding sensitiveness, made her more keenly realize the fact of her disgraceful birth, and rendered it the more difficult for her to become resigned to its depressing and degrading influences. But presently she did apparently, in a measure, overcome these feelings. She became more cheerful, and then was so kind and obliging to every one ; showed such willingness to serve them all in her power ; and so humbly grateful in return for any kindness shown her, that she became quite a favorite with her sister

maidens. Yet still she formed no intimate companionship or friendship with either of them, much as she craved it, because of the base blood which coursed through her frame.

A period passed thus; though how long the space, I have not been informed. But in this interval, a new life had opened to the unfortunate Maria. I have said that she was fond of music, and had manifested a decided taste for this accomplishment. She had given much attention to it, not only on account of its being a favorite pursuit, but as the means of her support; and she had so cultivated and improved her talents in this respect, both as regarded her instrumental and vocal powers, that, at the time of which I am writing, she had become a remarkably excellent pianist, while her singing was perfectly delightful and charming.

Indeed, she possessed an uncommon melodious voice, with nothing like the modern studied school of art, but sang in simple strains, in tones of the richest, sweetest melody; besides, a pathos and tenderness pervaded her style, which rendered it irresistibly touching and captivating. She was, in fact, one of nature's most gifted minstrels; the best probably which had ever been in Bethlehem, which is high commendation, as among these Moravians were many excellent performers.

This wonderful gift of Nature proved a great solace to the poor girl, and in a great measure com-

pensated for the injuries she had otherwise sustained from her. Yes, this unfortunate being, as the child of song—the best pianist in the place—at the head of the musical choir of that Moravian Settlement as so distinguished by her talent, felt while the dark blood mounted her cheek, that in one respect, in spite of her ignoble origin, the meanness of her birth, she stood forth amid her sister-band, the acknowledged superior of all.

Yet though she felt thus, she was not proud nor vain of her talents; but it cheered her, while it lessened, or rather tended to remove the barrier which to her mind had ever been between her, and her associate companions. She now no longer felt solitary and friendless. Charmed into a new existence by her own marvellous powers of tuneful melody, she relieved her aching heart of its tumultuous throbbings for sweet fellowship of spirit with a kindred congenial mind, and sang herself into a happy, joyous, and sometimes ecstatic state of being. No wonder then that she revelled in her delightful endowment. It was a perpetual feast to her; and as she executed her various musical performances so admirably, no marvel that her listeners sometimes thought, especially when pouring forth a rich tide of almost seraphic notes, that she was under the inspiration of the muse of song.

At this time she had as many pupils as she could possibly attend to, and never, I ween, was there a more enthusiastic teacher—a more faithful, efficient

instructress in the divine art she possessed in such wondrous perfection:—and hard did she strive, and patiently labor, to fill the very souls of her pupils with the same heavenly, musical harmony.

While thus engaged, a gentleman and lady arrived at Bethlehem; they visited the School and the Sisters' House: Maria was giving a lesson at the former Institution, when they entered the room where she was: at that moment she happened to be singing a beautiful but simple little song for the benefit of her pupils, and was so absorbed thereby, that she did not immediately notice them. In the meanwhile, they stood together a short distance from the piano, attentively observing her. Presently they drew softly nearer, until they stood directly behind her; and in a brief space after, she turned around and saw the visitors.

As she encountered the gaze of the gentleman, she became violently agitated. There stood the very likeness of her deceased father. She could not be mistaken, for every lineament of his features were stamped upon the most enduring tablet of her memory. Tears gathered into her eyes, while her whole frame trembled with excessive emotion. The lady perceiving this, said something to the gentleman; then motioned him to leave the room; whereupon they both quietly withdrew.

They were scarcely gone, when Maria Beaumont overcome by her emotions, sank upon the floor in a state of insensibility. It so happened, that in the

room where this occurred, at the time quite a number of persons were assembled; consisting of a class of pupils with at least one of their teachers. As it was in the afternoon, in one of the usual hours devoted to sewing, it is probable that they were all thus engaged;—or in knitting. Be that as it may, among this gathered number the event produced considerable excitement and alarm; for they really did not know what was the matter, and some were under the apprehension that she had died.

But, in a short space she revived; then she immediately recollected the cause of her sudden faintness; and at the same moment, quick as the lightning's flash, she remembered to whom alone among the living, probably belonged this exact counterpart in feature of her dead parent. And as faithful memory travelled through the dark vista of many years, she became more and more certain, that the gentleman must be no other than a younger brother of her dead father. But of the lady, she had no knowledge. She surmised, however, that she was the wife of the gentleman; and if so, and her other impression was correct, she ought at least to regard her with respect; but strange to say, although she had given her but a passing glance, she felt peculiarly unpleasant towards her. The query occurred to her, what did these people come here for? Next the thought flitted across her mind, that, notwithstanding the promises made by her grandmother to the contrary, perhaps her father's brother's busi-

ness at the Settlement might be to claim her, in order to reap pecuniary benefit from her musical talents. This fancy agonized the poor girl, and had she continued any length of time to indulge it, there is no knowing what would have been the consequences to herself.

But fortunately for Maria, directly at this juncture, the Inspector of the School came into the room where she was to summon her into the presence of these people. The venerable man immediately perceived her anxious countenance, her visible agitation, and smiling, bade her to calm herself, to be of good cheer, and fear not, for he believed they meant to be very kind to her. Thus assured, she went forth with him to be presented to her dreaded visitors. The Inspector, after introducing her, directly left the apartment. Maria hereupon, sank trembling into a chair.

The gentleman then advanced towards her and said: "I suppose you do not remember me, Maria?"

She looked at him timidly, but did not reply.

"Do not be so agitated," continued he, "I am your sincere friend, and you have nothing to fear from me; but tell me, have you any recollection of me?"

"Oh yes!" she answered, "I am sure I know. You are my father's brother, for you are exactly like him!"

"But not your uncle," he quickly replied.

Maria here burst into tears.

"I do not wish to distress you, but I suppose you are acquainted with the history of your parentage?"

The poor girl continued sobbing, yet soon replied: "Oh yes, indeed I am, and much grief of heart has it cost me; and if a white woman had been my mother, you would be my uncle; but as it is, being that I am only the child of a negro slave, I can be nothing of kin to you."

"True, true," said the gentleman, "you understand your position exactly, I perceive; but this lady, my wife, you have never before seen, although she has been for some years very intimately connected with your father's family. She was first the ward of our uncle, then presently married your father."

The lady hereupon smiled, and looked kindly upon Maria; while the poor girl shuddered as she saw the bride who had supplanted her unfortunate mother, and was the innocent means of fastening anew the fetters of bondage upon her, as well as upon all her brothers and her only sister. She thought of all this, and no marvel that she shrunk from her, groaned, and wept bitterly.

"Do not cry so," said the lady, in a very compassionate tone, "I am sorry that my presence so greatly distresses you."

But Maria continued to weep on for a space, the couple in the meanwhile talking apart, and sometimes endeavoring to soothe her. Presently

she became somewhat more calm; then the gentleman informed Maria that her father had died nearly three years before; that his marriage was childless, and about a year ago, he had married his widow. "We started almost directly afterwards for Europe," he continued, "spent some time with our friends there, then came to the States, where we have passed several months, and are soon now to journey homeward, but were induced from what we heard of you to come here and see you, to find out your real situation, thinking, perhaps we might be of some service to you."

"I thank you both very much," said Maria, "but first please be so very kind as to tell me what has become of my poor sister Betsey?"

The pair looked at each other for a moment, somewhat embarrassed how to reply; then the gentleman said:

"I cannot satisfy you on that head; her present situation had better remain unknown to you, nor can I inform you of aught concerning your brothers, except of the one called after my brother; he is dead, as is also your mother."

"I have heard all about her—but Betsey, my poor sister Betsey?"

"Her sad history is wisely concealed from you, believe me," said the lady, "but be thankful for your superior destiny."

"It was with pleasure," interrupted the gentleman, "that we hear you so highly spoken of; and

so much praise bestowed upon your conduct generally ; also that you are doing so well in a pecuniary point of view. But you do not appear strong nor very healthy. You must not exert yourself too much, nor suffer yourself to ponder over misery you can neither prevent nor terminate. I said one object in our coming here, was to show you kindness. Now tell me what can we do for you? wherein can we best serve you."

Maria could not answer. In truth, she did not know what to ask; how should she? Although she had several wants, and one in particular she craved—but it was an expensive one, hence she dared not to name it.

"You seem to be at a loss for an answer to this question, Maria," said the gentleman; "perhaps after you have played and sung for us, you can better decide," opening the piano as he spoke.

Maria seated herself at the instrument, and executed a remarkably difficult composition in a truly admirable manner. She then sung one of her best performances, and in strains of such witching melody, that her hearers became spell-bound and perfectly fascinated. When she had finished, another, then another was demanded; each seemed more touching than the preceding.

"What a pity! and with such a voice!" broke upon the ear of the sensitive girl; and a pang shot through her heart, for she could guess, why, and wherefore, the meaning of this observation.

"You play and sing divinely, Maria," remarked the lady; "and what a valuable gift this splendid talent is."

"It is really so," added the gentleman; "and now, Maria, if you are still at a loss what to ask for, I will decide for you. We wish to make you a present which will be really useful to you, and it has occurred to me while you were playing, that a piano would be as acceptable a one as we could bestow."

"A piano!" Maria's eyes brightening through her tears. "Oh, indeed, you could not give me any thing else I would like half as well, except—" here she stopped and burst into tears. Then by a strong effort she succeeded in mastering her emotion, and added, "and my father's daughter thanks you as she alone can."

The gentleman and lady were both somewhat moved; the former then said:

"Besides this, Maria, I mean to leave with you, an order on my agent in Philadelphia, for one hundred dollars; but to be used only in case of your becoming disabled by sickness, from attending to your business, or in any other extremity. This money, understand, at all events, is yours; and as long as you do not want it, will accumulate at interest for your benefit.

"Slavery money, doubtless," thought Maria. The very idea painfully agitated her, while she inwardly resolved never to make use of a cent of it,

even were she reduced to the necessity of living upon bread and water. This immediately became her settled determination, and it caused her to be painfully embarrassed in her reply; but she murmured her grateful acknowledgments; soon after which her visitors took their departure, and a short period subsequent to this, the piano, together with the promissory note, came safely to hand. The former was a plain-looking instrument, but well made, and of excellent tone.

She now embraced every opportunity of using it, with manifest advantage to herself, and the delight of those who heard her. She continued the presiding genius of the musical choir at all the concerts and festive celebrations of Bethlehem, for which occasions she composed some beautiful vocal and instrumental performances. In addition to these duties, she employed every available moment during the day, in giving lessons, from which, though she received never more than three dollars a quarter for each pupil, she nevertheless derived quite a sufficient income for her support.

And thus she lived on for half a dozen years or more, nothing meanwhile occurring in her history to be recorded here, save that once during that interval, if I recollect aright, she was proposed to enter the missionary field either to the West Indies, or at one of the South American stations, the Moravians naturally supposing, that, with her abilities, pious and humble as she was, she might be of es-

sential service to her colored brethren and sisters in that region. But to Maria Beaumont, to whom the very sight of a black person was an object of extreme painfulness, such a proposition caused intense agony of mind, and she shrunk from it in a manner which caused it not only to be immediately withdrawn, but prevented any repetition of the offer.

The next situation proffered her, though attended with some hazard to herself, yet being quite congenial to her feelings, she willingly accepted. This was to become one of the resident teachers at Bethlehem School. Maria was well educated, and probably ere this would have been appointed to occupy this position, had she not possessed the peculiar taint of her African origin, which it was feared might betray itself to her disadvantage, and subject her feelings to some painful ordeal. But from being themselves accustomed to it, I suppose, the Society imagined that this infirmity was now not as perceptible as formerly, and the circumstances of her birth being unknown in the school, they hoped that it would altogether escape observation. And so indeed, I believe, proved to be the case as far as discovering the cause for a considerable number of years.

In the meanwhile, Maria Beaumont had risen in every sense of the word, to an equality with her associate teachers, and by all she was treated with the considerate kindness and respect which she really merited; and when I entered the school, she

was still the prominent leader of music at the church, and the principal instructress of it in the Institution.

My notice was first attracted to her at the funeral services of one of my schoolmates, a little West India orphan girl of six years of age, who, directly after her coming, had commenced to droop. In truth, she was too delicate an exotic to bear transplanting to our northern clime just as the wintry weather was beginning to set in. She came in October, and the first frost of autumn blighted the fair flower, and thus scarcely a month after her arrival, she had entirely faded, and lay withered before us. She was a very sweet and engaging child, and Sister Maria (as Maria Beaumont was now called) had immediately become very much interested in her. She fondly loved this little being, perhaps with greater fervor than she had ever felt towards any of the pupils. And full well do I recollect with what touching pathos she poured out in plaintive melody her grief upon the occasion. She sang a solo—a requiem to the departed—so powerfully effective, that her hearers were spell-bound, and many of them much overcome. I remember that it moved me to tears, and although since I have listened to many a strain of witching melody from some of the most famed of earth's minstrels, not one of them has so impressed me as the funeral hymn breathed out by this humble Creole child of song. She was at this period about

forty years of age, in the very zenith of her fame; in good health, and apparently destined to charm the little world around her for many a coming year with the powers of her wondrous gift. Yet, even then, the arrow was sharpened which was to pierce her heart, and the destroying angel stood ready to execute his commission. And she was to fall, too, a victim to herself; self-sacrificed at the shrine of feeling, her talent prompted the deed, though the weapon used was by a pupil. And thus I preface this sad catastrophe.

At this time, quite a number of young ladies were at the school from the Southern States. Among these, was one of about sixteen; proud, haughty, jealous, vindictive, and very impulsive withal, who, I shall call by the name of Mary Young. She belonged to the class under the especial charge of Sister Maria, and lived in the room with her. She came from Maryland, and was perfectly acquainted with all the distinguishing characteristics belonging to the colored people, and soon discovered that her teacher had similar, and on scanning her features narrowly, was convinced that she belonged to the same race; whereupon she became very angry, deeming it, I suppose, an insult to be subject to her authority.

In those days, it was customary at Bethlehem School, to have musical soirees, at stated times during the winter months, when the best performers of the respective teachers, exhibited their skill and

proficiency in this delightful accomplishment, and they played and sung to a gathered auditory assembled for the purpose. The period had now arrived when the first of these entertainments for the season was to be given. The time fixed being, if my memory is correct upon the subject, about a week or two subsequent to the death of the little West Indian.

These exhibitions usually produced considerable excitement in the school, and this one more particularly, as it was the commencement of the series. It so happened that just then there were some very excellent performers in the Institution, and these were under the instruction of several different teachers, each of whom, of course, was most interested in those pupils under her especial supervision. All were desirous that theirs should excel, or at least, do as well in comparison as the others; and much pains had been bestowed to accomplish this result, yet all expected to yield the palm to one of Sister Maria's pupils, who was no other than Mary Young. In truth, she was an excellent performer. My impression is that she excelled all her companions, and her faithful teacher had placed her in this enviable position. She caused her to make very rapid improvement, and Sister Maria, greatly gratified and proud of her attainments, became the more desirous to display them to the greatest possible advantage to others. For this purpose, she gave her a difficult, but very brilliant piece, which

she taught her to execute admirably, and had already received many flattering encomiums concerning it from the other teachers, as also in reference to another shorter composition. In fact, Mary Young was considered the prima donna of the evening, and the whole expected to be altogether a superior affair of the kind.

The evening came, but the weather proved rather unpropitious; yet the company was considerable. Indeed, with the scholars and visitors, the chapel contained more than its usual complement of persons. And quite an array of young faces appeared in that congregated assembly, all beaming in smiles and joyous expectation, save one—and she—but I must not anticipate.

Sister Maria, of course, expected to be the presiding genius of that promised entertainment. She was in her element, and seemed perfectly absorbed in the duties before her. There she sat, clad in her accustomed neat and simple style, the observed of all, whose attention became more particularly attracted towards her, because it had been whispered that she intended to contribute her part to the pleasures of the evening. She looked remarkably happy, and flushed with the excitement of her feelings.

And as she took her place by the piano, never, I ween, in her whole life, had she felt more pleased and satisfied with herself; more deeply under the influence of her own enchanting talents; more

surely realizing her own wonderful powers. This was the impression of the general mind of the company present; and I remember, though then but a little girl, how I myself was struck by the sudden kindling up of her eyes; indeed, the whole expression of her features as she yielded her nature to the spells it had itself cast around her, and became inspired with the pure seraphic spirit of her glorious, her divine art.

The exercises commenced. Next her sweet voice broke forth upon the eagerly listening ear. She sung one of the most charming compositions of that day, quite new to many of her auditors; a perfectly exquisite gem of song; and she warbled it forth, if possible, with more than her accustomed richness of melody; with all the superior ability her minstrelsy possessed. Presently she ceased, amid the breathless stillness of the enraptured assembly.

And surely had there been any malevolent feelings in the heart of any of that gathered throng, it ought, methinks, to have been subdued, even as the evil spirit in Saul was, by the potent spell of the harp of David. But, strange to say, such was not the effect now with regard to one individual present. On the contrary, it would appear, a dark demon from the nether world, not relishing notes which savored so much of the heaven he had lost, made it the fitting opportunity of accomplishing his will. Unfortunately, he too readily found a

willing agent to execute his diabolical design. And seeing the destroying angel near at hand to bear away that charming songstress, he took the deadly weapon, pointed it with his own fatal venom, and then—but I am anticipating.

To return to my sad story. As soon as Sister Maria had finished her song, first one pupil, then another, took their place at the instrument, and acquitted themselves very creditably to both teacher and performer. Presently afterwards, the turn of Mary Young came, when she was to perform the crowning piece of all. Unfortunately, by this time the chapel had become excessively warm, which made the taint of poor Sister Maria's African origin the more perceptible, especially to the sensitive olfactory nerves of the young Southerner.

"The piece of music we are about to hear, my friends," remarked the Inspector of the School, "is a very fine composition, and, though difficult, I think will be well executed by the pupil who is to perform it, as she not only possesses much talent herself, but added thereto, has had the greatest possible pains bestowed upon her by her faithful and excellent instructress, Sister Maria Beaumont, long favorably known to you all. Miss Mary Young, you will please now to come forward to the piano."

She obeyed not the summons, but looked very much excited.

"Do not be agitated, my dear," continued the Inspector, Brother Steinhaur, in an encouraging

tone; "nor lose confidence in yourself, but do your best, and I doubt not that the result will justify our warmest commendations."

Still, she hesitated a moment longer; then rose with a flushed face, a haughty manner, and proudly took her seat at the instrument. She immediately moved off as far as possible from Sister Maria, who, observing that she was not properly seated, gently mentioned the circumstance to her, at the same time, assisting her to rectify the error. In a moment more, she had commenced; but such playing; no time, no harmony whatever, but instead, nothing but mistakes of every kind; and she, deadly pale and flushed by turns.

"What is the matter, my dear Mary?" tenderly inquired Sister Maria. "I am afraid that you are ill."

Upon this Mary suddenly stopped, again changed her position as far off as she possibly could from her astonished instructress. She now trembled excessively, while her face betrayed a particularly hateful and indescribable expression, arising from a settled malignant purpose. As no one present could look down into the caverns of her heart, and see the foul fiend who was working with the under-current of her feelings, they could not understand the meaning of her behavior, nor the purport of her strange conduct; yet all who were acquainted with her natural disposition were inclined to judge her unfavorably. All did, but her good, kind, un-

suspecting teacher; who, although more mystified than the rest, was full of excuses and sympathy for her. She made every apology in her behalf, attributing her failure either to sudden timidity, arising perhaps from want of confidence in herself—or it may be a strange lapse of memory—or that she really was not well.

“Some such cause must certainly be the reason, and whatever it is,” continued the excellent lady, “I deeply regret it, not only from the disappointment it will occasion to our assembled friends, but more especially on account of the great mortification it will doubtless produce to my dear pupil.”

While Sister Maria had been thus speaking in behalf of Mary Young, the latter continued to tremble. She now became deadly pale and seemed inwardly convulsed; while ever and anon she gave a look, a scornful look, at Sister Maria. She was gathering nerve to speak. Presently she arose, coughed, then slowly reseated herself.

Sister Maria mistaking her emotion, gently, soothingly whispered to her: “Calm yourself, my dear child; some future time, when you are in more fitting mood, you will doubtless amply compensate our friends for this disappointment.”

“As Miss Mary Young is not capable of performing this evening, she is at liberty to withdraw.” said the Inspector of the School.

Again a deep color flushed the cheek of Mary Young, yet for a brief space, she did not move;

then summoning the requisite resolution, she rose from the piano, and looking full in the face of Brother Steinhaur, said in a loud voice, trembling with excessive emotion :

“It is not because I am not able to play this piece, sir, or that I have not sufficient confidence to do so, before this company; neither am I at present sick. I know it perfectly—yes, every note of it, and am besides very well—entirely well—but I am determined not to play it, because—because—” here she cleared her throat, stopped a moment, afterwards cast a withering look upon her kind instructress, at the same moment apparently recoiling from her; “because,” she again said, “I will not, I say; for I am resolved to show, whatever others may choose to do to the contrary, that from henceforth I will never again submit to the degradation of being dictated to by a mean, low nigger-woman.”

Hereupon she passionately closed her music-book; then with an air of offended dignity, hastily took her departure, not only from the instrument, but from the chapel. And as she walked through the ranks of her schoolmates, a scornful and triumphant expression rested upon her countenance. She slammed the door violently after her.

Poor Sister Maria! Better, far better, that the assassin's steel had pierced through her gentle bosom, than this fatal wound by cruel speech had been inflicted upon her. For words can as surely,

and as quickly kill, as the most deadly instrument, venomous reptile, or destructive mineral or weed. And the effect, in this instance, proved immediate; for it was then the poisoned shaft of the fell destroyer entered the heart of the sensitive and unfortunate woman, and the sound of that last burst of passion was scarcely over, ere, with one wild shriek of agony, she fell senseless, and apparently lifeless upon the floor.

And now a scene of consternation and confusion ensued. The excitement was intense. Agitation and anxiety were strongly blended upon the features of every one of that gathered assembly, more especially among that youthful band who but a few brief moments before, had appeared so full of pleasurable emotions.

The entertainment had, of course, immediately to be broken up. A gathering directly took place around poor Sister Maria, and presently after she was gently borne away to the sick-room of the Institution, by some of the sympathizing associate sisters. A physician had been directly sent for. In the meanwhile, the scholars in their respective classes, were quietly despatched to their dormitories; where soon hushed was every voice, naught being heard through the vast apartments, save the breathing of the many sleepers, together with the distant footfall and soft whispers of anxious watchers, hovering in attendance near the couch of the unfortunate sufferer.

Long she remained in that fearful swoon, after-

wards fainting fits succeeded; then again she lay in a trance-like lethargy, and days passed, ere she was fully aroused to consciousness to continue for any length of time. But better, far better, she had never revived; and instead, died directly from the pestiferous venom of that cruel tongue, than to return to life; to agonizing remembrance of that painful scene, and as busy, faithful memory brought it before her, to feel its baneful influence, its poisonous effects shooting athwart the chambers of her very soul, pervading every fibre of her frame, and sapping even the life-blood of her existence. For with restoration to her mental powers, came the recollection of the whole of the lamentable affair.

How the secret so long faithfully kept, had been so publicly and cruelly divulged, in consequence hurling her from her high envied place of position, down,—down, to the lowest degradation, to the mean level of the despised and accursed race from which she had sprung; how this painful circumstance became known, was perfectly inexplicable to her, that she was the child of a base-born woman, a negro slave. Sometimes she would fain hope that all which had occurred was but a dream, a frightful dream; but her throbbing temples, the wild beating of her heart, with the tortures which raked there, and memory, with unclouded reason, soon dispelled this illusion.

Then by turns she sobbed and raved; weeping

as if her very heart would break. It was piteous to see and hear her, especially as vain were all the efforts made to cheer her. She would neither be comforted nor consoled. There was a poignancy in the bitterness of her sorrow, in the nature of the wound her feelings had received; which seemed to find no relief in the ordinary ministrations of sympathizing kindness. No marvel, therefore, that she refused its soothing influence, and instead, continued to grieve on, and fret her life away. Yet for a space she lingered upon the threshold of eternity, and until a short time previous to her departure, remained in a sad, unhappy, and melancholy state of mind. Except when under the effects of strong opiates, she continued to weep and bewail her hateful birth, also to blame the authors of her being, for her wretched existence.

“Oh that dark stain! far worse than the branded mark of Cain!—would that my tears could wash it away! But no—though years have concealed it, it now appears again as fresh and new as ever, and there is nothing now left for me to do but to die!—yes, for very shame to die!”—

Then again, she would murmur words like these, or of similar import: “A low, mean, nigger-woman;—yes, I cannot deny that;—yet I am not black;—I am white; almost as white as she is: yet, she says I am a nigger;—but I am white; indeed I am white:” then stripping up the sleeves of her night-dress, and stretching out her arms exclaimed, “See,

I am white!—perfectly white!—my arms, my face, my hands! where is the black blood?—not here! not here! nowhere!—my skin is all white!—then why call me a low, mean, nigger-woman!” Then again she wept bitterly.

“Compose yourself, my poor dear Maria,” said some one who heard her talking thus: “pray do not distress yourself any more, about what that wicked girl said: you must try to dismiss it entirely from your mind, and endeavor now to get some sleep,—won’t you?” she added coaxingly.

“It is no use,” she replied; “sleeping or waking it constantly haunts my memory. Nor can I forgive Mary Young those cruel words.”

“But indeed, Maria, that would be unchristian-like. You must try not only to forgive her, but to forget it all.”

“A low, mean, nigger-woman—and would no longer submit to the degradation of being taught by me: this was what she meant: and then her look—that dreadful look of hate and scorn—of proud defiance—and from one too, upon whom I had bestowed the greatest possible pains and was so proud of. Can I forget this all?—impossible,—I never can! for it is impressed in unfading, undying characters upon my very soul, so that Death itself cannot, methinks, ever erase it.”

“Yet you must forgive her, my poor dear Maria—you must not die thus, in your present unhappy state of mind. Pray for a forgiving spirit. Think

how much the Saviour suffered ;—how dreadfully He was reviled, and persecuted, and insulted ;—how cruelly abused : think of His wrongs, trials, and bitter agony : He, the pure and sinless one—the immaculate Son of God—and take pattern by His blessed example—He forgave all his enemies—prayed for them—saying to his Holy Father, ‘ Forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ And so you must feel towards Mary Young, for the wretched girl really did not know what she was doing when she behaved so to you. She is very impulsive and passionate, you remember, and you must make some allowances for her prejudices, being from the South.”

“ I must excuse her in consequence, and forgive her for trampling upon my very heart. And I am required to do this—but how can I ?”—and she burst anew into tears, and wept again, until nature became perfectly exhausted, and she sank into the insensibility of sleep.

Even then, her bruised mortified spirit had no rest ; and she was heard frequently to whisper as to herself,—“ a low, mean, nigger-woman—yes—a low, mean, nigger-woman”—sobbing bitterly as she repeated the hateful words.

And thus, day by day, poor Maria Beaumont wailed her life away ; each returning sun finding her weaker, and more evidently hastening to the tomb. When told she would certainly die, she hailed the grim messenger with apparent delight,

as the friend who was to convey her to her Father's house.

"Oh, how I long to go! Oh, that I could die at once!—to be where there is no distinction of color or race to mar the happiness of its inhabitants—where the child of the negro-woman, although among the meanest and lowest of earthly creatures formed in the Divine image, is not the despised, odious, and accursed thing it is here;—where the offspring of the bondwoman will enjoy the same freedom in Christ, as the fairest of other beings,—will be as the angels in heaven before the throne—be permitted to be near the blessed Saviour and for ever dwell there—yes, this will indeed be perfect happiness. Then how will my glad, emancipated spirit, raise its notes of thanksgiving for its eternal redemption through Infinite love and goodness."

These were some of Sister Maria's aspirations, hopes, and anticipations, and, while her mind rested upon them, she was happy, superlatively happy; but when her thoughts returned to earth, to her trials and sufferings, she would become perfectly wretched and miserable, weeping and moaning incessantly.

Her situation excited considerable sympathy and interest; and much anxiety was manifested in every way on her account, more especially to make her more comfortable and tranquil in mind. Hence efforts were made not only to change the current of her feelings entirely from thinking with bitterness

and severity of the conduct of Mary Young, but to encourage a forgiving spirit on her part towards her. But her only reply for a number of days was tears, scalding tears.

Now turn we, for a space, from this scene of strong mental distress, to the room where Sister Maria had been wont to live and move, as one of the resident teachers, with a number of young ladies from fifteen to sixteen and seventeen years of age. This comprehended the oldest of the pupils in the Institution. Of course they were of various characters, and I recollect nothing of them individually, save of Mary Young, and that her shocking conduct was universally condemned by the whole class; also, as Sister Maria grew worse, she was more and more shunned and upbraided for it.

As is generally the case with people when they do wrong, they endeavor to justify themselves; so did Mary Young, at first, attempt to defend herself from the severe censures she so well merited; but presently as her victim neared the tomb, she began to realize what she had really done; that she had, indeed, sent the death-blow to that sensitive heart. As this conviction fastened itself upon her mind, she became a prey to remorse of conscience, and sincerely lamented her folly, thoughtlessness, unkindness, and cruelty. Then willingly would she have atoned for her grievous fault, by the most humble apology; also, by lavishing upon her every possible kind attention in her power to render.

And she wept, prayed, and wrung her hands in bitter-shame and agony.

"Tell her; do tell her, if you please," sobbed the wretched girl, "how very, very sorry I am for what I said; that I feel it was very wicked in me to speak as I did, and beg her to forgive me for it. But pray do not let her die on this account, I entreat you."

Hereupon, Mary followed her messenger, and crouching outside of the sick-room close to the door, she anxiously listened for the reply. The door was ajar. Mary looked in and saw her former kind instructress, whom she had so cruelly used, the victim of her pride and scorn, laid low upon a bed of suffering, so fearfully altered that she could scarcely recognize her. She was dying. The angel of death was even then flapping his cold wings over her. Sister Maria appeared to be slumbering. Presently, a wail of weeping reached her ear. It arrested her attention. She opened her eyes and gazed wistfully around.

"What sounds of grief do I hear?" asked she; "surely not for me; the child of a poor, mean, nigger-woman," continued the dying one.

"It is even so," was the reply; "and it is Mary Young who is crying, and for very sorrow, shame, and penitence, that she is causing you so much suffering, so much heart-felt woe; and she begs, entreats, and implores you to forgive her."

Mary here came forward, sobbing violently.

The dying woman no sooner perceived the author of her misery, than she drew the sheet over her face, as if to exclude her from her sight, and commenced to scream terribly.

"Go away! go away!"—then "rats! rats! rats!" she wildly exclaimed. "Take them away! Take them away!"

"Where are they?" was the inquiry.

"There! there! there!" she answered, uncovering her face, and fixing a fearful gaze upon Mary Young. "There they are!" pointing towards her, "and they are gnawing at my vitals—at my very heart; take them away! do pray take them away!"

"You fancy all this, my dear sister," was the reply; "there are no rats here, nor any thing else to hurt you; therefore, pray do not be so frightened."

"Yes, there are rats here, I tell you, and all have the face of Mary Young! Oh, take them away, take them away, I say!"

"But, indeed, you are mistaken," answered the sister; "there are no rats here, but only several of the sisters and the wretched Mary, who is truly contrite for her wicked behavior to you, and is come on purpose to assure you so. She desires most earnestly that you forgive her; and you certainly will, wont you?" she added entreatingly.

"A low, mean, nigger-woman! is that what she

wants me to forgive?—go away! go away, I tell you!”

Here Mary knelt down beside the bed, and burst into an agony of tears.

“Oh, Sister Maria,” sobbed out the conscience-stricken, unhappy girl; “I beseech, I implore you to forgive me; and believe me I am very, very sorry.”

But the very sight of the being who caused her sufferings, the painful mortification she had undergone, was too much for the dying woman.

“Why do you come here,” she asked, “to torture me so? is it not enough that you have broken my heart? that you are killing me?—a low, mean, nigger-woman!” she again murmured to herself.

Hereupon she closed her eyes, as if to shut out some dreadful object; then Mary was motioned out of the room. Soon after, Sister Maria fell asleep, or rather into a stupor, when ever and anon the name of Mary Young passed her lips; and she repeated those galling words, “a low, mean, nigger-woman.” Presently she revived again, and with the same strange fancy that rats were about her—that the room was full of them.

“Here they are again! and see how they look like Mary Young; and they are gnawing me still. Oh, take them away!” and she sunk back exhausted on the bed.

She had become exceedingly feeble, but stimu-

lants being given, she presently revived considerably; yet very perceptibly the lamp of life now flickered in the socket, and would ere long go out. By and by she opened her eyes in perfect consciousness. A number of persons had gathered into the room, and surrounded the couch of their dying sister. Among them, were Brother Steinhaur, and another clergyman, I think it was Bishop Reichel, who had always been a particular friend of Sister Maria, and came to administer the last rites of the church to a living immortal; of commending the spirit to its God in a benedictory prayer. Yet, ere he performed this customary solemn service, he told the dying one of his purpose; then inquired if she died in peace with all the world, and from her heart, truly, and fully forgave Mary Young.

"For," added the good Bishop, "you know, my dear sister, we cannot expect forgiveness from our Lord, if we do not forgive our fellow-creatures."

Thereupon immediately tears trickled down the pale cheeks of Sister Maria. She became exceedingly agitated, in fact alarmingly so. Her whole frame seemed convulsed with the violence of her feelings; with the conflict waging against her nature, and life evidently was rapidly ebbing away. Yet she must not die thus; not until she had really forgiven Mary Young. Hence stimulants were again given, and profusely, which caused her to rally. Yet she continued to weep.

"Pray for me, dear brother, for grace to do it," at length she gasped out.

Then down fell the venerable man upon his knees, with all the assembled company; fervently he raised his voice to heaven in her behalf; and he wept too, as he prayed, while the sisters joined him in both these sympathetic offices of affectionate interest. When done, he again bent over the dying sister to whisper words of counsel, comfort, and peace; and tenderly, he sought to soothe her, to reconcile her to herself, as well as to her who so fatally had wounded her keenest sensibilities. As he spoke, Sister Maria became more calm. At length she replied, feebly:

"I feel all you say, my dear Brother Reichel, and I thank you much for it; for the Lord, I am assured, has heard your prayers in my behalf. And all is changed now with regard to her—yet I cannot see her."

"I am very glad to hear you say, my sister, that you really forgive her; this is all that is necessary."

"Yes, I do," she emphatically answered; "even as my blessed Saviour forgave his murderers, so do I forgive Mary Young; but let me not look upon her, lest other feelings should come again, for I am, you know, very weak. The Lord is very merciful to me, and He will, I feel, receive me to himself, mean and humble as I am. And now:

“How I long to go and see,
The Lamb of God who died for me;
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away.
Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge,
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed Hosts command,
To carry me to thy right hand.”

She repeated the last lines almost indistinctly.

The Bishop hereupon pronounced the benedictory prayer. The scene was solemn and affecting.

“Now sing,” said she, “of my dear Saviour, while I sing my soul away; and do you, my sisters, join me; and when I can no longer use my voice, pray you continue on, for thus would I enter heaven.”

And as the swan, when dying, sings her sweetest lay, so Maria Beaumont warbled forth her own requiem, and with such pathos, in such unearthly strains, as I ween have seldom been ever heard in similar circumstances. She sang several verses of different Moravian hymns; then, “Jesus, lover of my soul, &c.” This was her favorite hymn. She got through the greater part of the first stanza tolerably well; in the last line her voice faltered considerably; and when she came to the line, “Still support and comfort me,” she ceased entirely; the words died upon her tongue; the gathered group around her went on and finished the verse; yet, ere they were quite at the close of it, there was a

slight muscular action, a heavy sigh, one or two respirations, and she was gone.

Yes, poor Maria Beaumont's bruised spirit was at rest, eternally healed, and disfranchised from the hateful clog of earth, which had so long painfully held it in bondage. Such, in every material important fact, as near as I can recollect, were the incidents as I heard them at the time, attending the lamentable death of this unfortunate lady. They were of so peculiar a nature, and occurring when they did, in the very house I lived, and one of the pupils being thus instrumental, by a single act of thoughtless folly, of producing such fatal results, made the whole circumstances the more impressive upon a memory unusually retentive. From its unfading records of this period of my childhood, I have gleaned this narrative, and give it with the hope that the lesson it teaches may prove instructive to some of my readers.

The wise man says, "that death and life are in the power of the human tongue;" while the Apostle James tells us, "it is a fire—a world of iniquity—that the tongue defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and so is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison;" and again we are informed in Holy Writ,

“of the wickedness which is hid under the tongue, and becomes as the gall of asps within.

The truth of these declarations so sadly realized in my story, has been proven, in innumerable other instances. Alas! how much of human woe, of intense mental suffering, has been produced in the world by this baneful scourge of our race, that dangerous weapon, the human tongue.

When I see how much of agonizing suffering is caused in the world by evil speaking, defamation of character, slander, unkind remarks injurious to reputation or feeling; when I mark how my fellow-beings thus cruelly sting each other, perhaps fatally wounding their peace and happiness; when I note all the mischief done by this human instrument of torture, I marvel not that he of old, of whom the Bible tells us as sent to hell, suffered more in that organ of his body than in any other; for methinks it was the sins of the tongue which brought him there. And at the last day of account, it may be that he will be found to have many associates, each craving a drop of cold water to cool his burning misery.

Therefore, let us

“Learn to control the tongue, that restless thing,
Of mischief oft, and shame the fatal spring.”

LIZZIE GOULD.

A WILD, harum-scarum sort of a girl was Lizzie Gould; so full of fun and mischief, wilful and impulsive, ever thoughtless and reckless of consequences, as to be a perpetual cause of anxiety to her teachers; yet nevertheless always so affectionate and good-natured withal, and had besides such a number of popular qualities of character, as not only rendered her a great favorite in the school, but made it exceedingly difficult to correct effectually any of her faults.

In truth, whenever Lizzie was called to account for any of her numerous peccadilloes, she always directly, frankly acknowledged them; at the same time manifested so much apparent sorrow, made such fair promises with regard to the future, behaved so generously kind to her admonisher, that she readily obtained forgiveness and was restored to favor. Yet, perhaps directly after, the volatile girl would be thinking of some other scrape, by which she would probably not only get herself, but some of her schoolmates into difficulty.

The rules and restrictions of the school were apt to be exceedingly irksome to Lizzie, as they interfered greatly with her freedom of action. She found them very inconvenient and annoying to her unquiet and restless spirit; hence she frequently violated them. This, of course brought her into trouble, and she was punished in consequence with some of the mild discipline exercised in the Institution; such as sitting upon a stool by herself in a corner, where nobody was allowed to speak to her; learning a few verses of some Moravian hymn, or a psalm, or a part of a chapter in the Bible. She submitted to all this with the best possible grace; not that she was indifferent to the present restraint it imposed upon her, but simply, because she could not help it, and she considered the circumstance an unavoidable necessity.

Nor did the cares and anxieties of Lizzie's teachers regarding her cease with the day. In the silent watches of the night, she often required their attention, and frequently, by her pranks, gave them as much trouble, if not more, than in her waking hours; for she both talked and walked in her sleep; and at such times she was prone to be so droll and amusing, as to produce an infinite degree of fun and amusement to her schoolmates generally; besides, in addition, exciting considerable alarm among the smaller children, who in their fright were wont to scream out most terrifically, imagining her either some ghost or robber. Sometimes, indeed, it would

appear as if she intended to jump out of the window—then again, I have known her to act as if she imagined herself upon horseback—or she would wrap a sheet around her and make a strange noise, when none of us could understand what she meant.

I believe some of the teachers fancied that the wild girl at such times only pretended to be asleep. In fact, they actually charged her with it, and scolded her severely in consequence; yet she denied this most positively; they next endeavored to frighten her out of these doings, but in vain; even though they tried to make her believe that such *carrying on*, as they termed her strange behavior, was at the instigation of the Devil himself, who made her act so; yet even this representation apparently had no effect whatever, and she continued her nightly pranks as usual, maintaining that she really could not help her conduct, and begging them not to scold her for it. And sometimes she would enforce this request with tears. Yet, notwithstanding this, I rather think poor Lizzie Gould was not believed, as her teachers thought she exhibited too much method in her eccentric doings.

I have no distinct recollection of the features of this schoolmate; the reason of this is we were neither room-associates, nor in any of the same classes; but all I do remember is from the impressions which were left upon my young mind concerning her. If these do not lead me astray, she was about eleven or twelve years of age, slender.

and delicately formed, very supple-limbed, and remarkably nimble-footed. I remember it being said of her, that she could climb a tree like a squirrel; also, was so fleet of foot as to outrun the fastest runner. Neither of these were very lady-like accomplishments surely, yet nevertheless they were very much valued and highly prized by Lizzie, although they were the fruitful source of a great deal of trouble and anxiety, both to herself and to her teachers. A number of these feats were really so interesting and amusing, that they involuntarily impressed themselves upon my mind, and are among the recorded memories of my childhood.

It was a monotonous state of existence these schooldays of my young life at Bethlehem; and I marvel not, that the untamed disposition of such a restless, uneasy character, as Lizzie Gould, should not only have excessively wearied with it, but sought in an excitement of its own creating, occasionally to diversify the scene. For independent of its retired situation, the pupils, at that period, were kept so secluded from contact and observation from outsiders of their little world, that opportunities were rare for subjects of interest or excitement, save what happened within the precincts of their own domiciles, among their own selves. Hence every incident of any note whatever which did take place, naturally would make a more durable impression upon my memory, than if the case had been otherwise. And such remembrances have

been ever cherished, because of their association with this period of my early history, as connected with my juvenile walks, sports, pastimes and pursuits.

How such recollections have fastened upon my heart ; and even now as I write, phantom-like these visions of the past start out from the treasured recesses in which they have so long been hid, in the chambers of the mind, in all the realities of such a perspective view, and appear before me. Though distant now, how vividly do they present themselves ; I retrace the pilgrimage of life, and travel backward through the vista of bygone intervening years, with the lightning speed which a faithful memory alone gives, to the period when, as a little girl, I first entered upon these scenes, and commenced the experience of the trials of human existence. And as I return thither and take the pen of a truthful historian, so strongly do they present themselves before my mental vision, that I seem to re-live over this portion of my checkered and eventful life.

Then bear with me, kind reader, while I speak of these reminiscences, and continue to recount some of the passages of the days of my childhood, and imagine myself again a school-girl at Bethlehem : as just left the covert of my own loved home, the sheltering wings of fond parental affection, and influence, for this seminary of learning provided by the Society for their young people.

And now I say, let imagination plume her wings and place me there; and thus I am again at Bethlehem School, where I wish you to fancy me, at present, walking out with my associate roommates, while a little beyond us is the class to which Lizzie Gould belongs. She is with them, though a considerable way ahead of these girls; indeed so far off, that she is no longer visible to us; yet we instinctively know she is there—must be with that party who started off at such a rapid rate only a few moments ago, among whom there was such a merry shout just as they were leaving, and who looked so significant and happy, no doubt in the prospect of some anticipated fun and frolic. And see! I certainly am right; for how the rest of this class are hastening their steps—it must be to join them—then look at those girls, how eagerly they are pressing forward, while one of their teachers who accompanies them, is almost out of breath in following her charge. And sure enough, in the foremost set is Lizzie, and you surely would be certain of this fact, did you but get a glimpse of her countenance, and mark its expression beaming with its anticipated enjoyment; and did you chance to rest your eyes upon her companions so full of expectation of promised pleasure.

There! see!—they are hastening on very rapidly, evidently towards some wished-for locality. Presently they halt—when directly there falls upon the ear a merry shout from that gathered group,

amid an ominous shaking and rattling of various branches of trees. Then as you approach, nearer and look upward into that tall pear-tree, or may be some other kind of fruit or a nut-bearing tree, perhaps upon its highest limb, you will see the mischievous girl perched, hard at work, scattering the fruit below, for the joint benefit of the whole company.

She remains thus industriously engaged, until her companions upon the look-out announce that the teacher is in sight. Then down she springs with the greatest possible speed, quite in time to meet the dear unsuspecting Sister ; and before she can ask any questions, has presented her with some of the best of her spoil—for it is against the rules of the school to do such naughty tricks, the scholars being only allowed to gather what has already fallen, and never permitted to pick any off from the trees.

It is ever a beautiful sight to see trees laden with rich, ripe, mellow fruit ; and when within reaching distance, the temptation is great to any passers-by, to possess themselves of a portion of it : but particularly this is the case with a parcel of hungry school girls—aye, indeed, sometimes irresistibly so ; especially when they have such a determined and daring spirit as Lizzie Gould to favor the enterprise of getting as much of it as possible. In truth, I believe that she always was the first to propose ways and means, how she and her compan-

ions could manage to evade the laws, in order to obtain such forbidden gratifications.

She used several stratagems to accomplish this object, and lost no opportunity in rendering them available. Sometimes these were, first, the result of accident, and made subservient to her purpose until found out; and when obliged to abandon it, she generally had another expedient, ready to supply its place. One of the most amusing, as well as successful of these devices was the following, which impressed itself particularly upon my memory.

In the pedestrian excursions we frequently took, we had one route which many of the scholars preferred to any other. It passed a very fine apple orchard, and if I recollect right, it was on the road leading to Nazareth, and called Nazareth Lane. It so happened, that one day as a class or two were taking their customary walk upon this road, suddenly an enraged bull came in sight, bellowing most fearfully, and kicking up the dust before him. The animal seemed to be coming towards them, which very much frightened both the teacher and scholars: and in their terror, all climbed over the fence, to get as quickly as possible out of his way.

Here they found themselves in the orchard of which I have spoken—and directly after in the presence of the owner thereof, a very respectable and kind-hearted man, who no sooner saw their terror, than he sought to calm it. Besides, with considerate kindness and generosity, he invited the

whole party, one and all, to walk through his orchard, and to help themselves to some apples, which offer, as may be readily supposed, none rejected: on the contrary, all gladly accepted. Then all these girls, at least twenty in number, gathered not only enough to eat while there, but as many more as they could carry away with them; in the mean while arranging among themselves, how they could secure further supplies of apples from this orchard. Hereupon they went to the unsuspecting farmer, and thanked him for his kindness; then begged permission to retreat thither again, in the event of another similar annoyance from the bull, to which the good man without any hesitation kindly agreed.

Poor, dear man! he little dreamt how much this promise involved—for ever after when these girls walked that way, which was now more frequently than before, it was their wont to send several of their number, considerably ahead of the rest, to imitate the voice and actions of the bull, in a kicking up of the dust, with the sound of bu-u-u-u-u, bu-u-u-u-u, which immediately followed. It so happened, this always occurred just as the majority of the class were close by the orchard of the friendly farmer, when there was a simultaneous scream from a number of the girls of, “the bull! the bull!—don’t you see the bull!—dear me, what shall we do now!”—In the meanwhile, with well feigned alarm, each of them precipitately tumbled over the good man’s fence into his orchard, when they unscrupu-

lously helped themselves, filling speedily the bags and handkerchiefs which they had brought with them for the purpose. This trick succeeded several times ere it was discovered: it originated in the fertile brain of the mischievous Lizzie.

The next incident regarding her which I mean to recount here, was her taking a *Sam Patch* leap from the top of the Lehigh bridge.

At the period to which I refer, the water was so low in the river, no one could easily have been drowned in it, had they fallen from the bridge. Several classes of the scholars were crossing it together, hers among the number, when one of the girls on leaning over, noticed this fact to her associates, observing at the same time, if such an accident should occur, it need not excite the least apprehension of danger to life as the consequence. Then some speculation arose as to the probable depth of the water; which Lizzie Gould hearing, called out:—

“Who dares me? and I will measure it myself!”

“I do,” replied a thoughtless companion.

In a moment more the reckless Lizzie was upon the top—in another she had taken the plunge amid the screams and entreaties of her affrighted schoolmates. The greatest consternation and alarm immediately ensued among all that gathered group, for none of course knew the result, and notwithstanding the assertion just made, the general impression at the moment prevailed, that perhaps by this foolish temerity she had actually killed herself;

but to the infinite relief of all, they soon perceived her endeavoring to rise, though evidently in pain. She did not however succeed. Next she tried to laugh; but she really suffered too much, consequently had to give up the attempt. A boat thereupon was speedily procured and manned, which made for the spot and brought her to shore. If I recollect right, she escaped this time without any broken limbs, and was not seriously hurt, but only had a few bruises, and a sprained ankle.

Another circumstance in reference to this troublesome and mischievous girl, I think occurred antecedent to the above affair.

Close by the kitchen of the school, was a reservoir, which supplied all the water used in the Institution: it so happened that from some reason unknown to me, the water had acquired an unpleasant taste, which caused it to be considered unwholesome. In consequence, our Principal resolved to have it all drawn off. He thought this would be good exercise, as well as amusement for the girls. On this account, he proposed a pumping frolic, when each girl who chose, could take her turn at the pump; and the whole to be finished off with a feast of brown cakes (round-hearts) and apples. This proposition the scholars, generally, gladly acceded to, and it resulted in a season of merriment and fun.

Brother Steinhaur, then the Principal of the School (the Inspector, as he was called), together with his wife and baby-boy, were there; and the

whole of this interesting family being very popular throughout the school, this circumstance materially enhanced the pleasures of the afternoon. And as I write, how well can I picture to my mind's eye, some of the little incidents of this memorable occasion—the letting off of the steam of our young spirits, if I may be allowed so to express the pleasurable excitement we were in, together with the frequent explosions of mirth and fun which ensued; and how some of the girls, among whom was Lizzie Gould, begged one and another of their schoolmates to allow them to take their turn in pumping, in addition to their own.

Then how much sport we afterwards had in various games and plays; and how the girls romped and enjoyed the cheer provided for the occasion, which was the promised brown cakes and apples, together with some weak sangaree. The latter was added, I believe, to prevent bad consequences resulting from the novel employment in which we had been engaged. And then how tired all the girls were, and glad to retire to our dormitories, where most of us soon after were locked in the arms of Morpheus.

But presently the soundest sleepers were aroused from their dreams, and a general awakening occurred, caused by the most terrific screams imaginable, which increased more and more to a loud unharmonious chorus of many voices.

“Murder! murder! murder!—oh, what shall I

do!—I shall certainly be killed!—oh dear, what shall I do!—Pray save me, save me, I am getting murdered!—Will nobody help me?”—with other similar expressions, were heard from a voice above the rest, in which others joined in the most piteous and distressed tones.

These fearful sounds originated with the first-mentioned voice, and the whole disturbance seemed to be in the immediate vicinity of her bed, where most of the teachers and a number of the scholars, occupants of the apartment, were soon assembled in great terror and dismay. There they directly saw what appeared to be a long round stick, with which some invisible hand was belaboring their unfortunate schoolmate. It came from an aperture in the ceiling. It so happened, precisely here, that is, directly over the spot where this girl's bed was now placed, formerly hung a large lantern. This had recently been removed, because the hook was fastened in no beam, but only in simple lathing, which proved insufficient to sustain it. Indeed the plaster in consequence broke considerably, and left quite a large hole. They perceived that the stick, by whomsoever used, was evidently sent through this opening from the story above—a large waste apartment, occupied for no other use, than as the general trunk-room of the school.

“But who could be the person to have the boldness of doing this thing?” was the question asked by all; for who would venture in that lone

garret, filled with trunks and lumber of various kinds, and at such an unseasonable hour of the night. Could it be some robber? or a mischievous person? and to what intent were they thus employed? These were natural queries which immediately suggested themselves to the minds of many, while the more fearful and superstitious opined that, perhaps, it was a ghostly visitant, and this one of its nocturnal pranks.

But among both teachers and scholars for a space, all were too timid to mount the stairs, and go into the trunk-room, in order to ascertain to a certainty, who this midnight disturber of the peace really was. At length, however, one of the teachers, more courageous than the rest, proposed, if others would join her, to ascend to this place for the purpose. Several immediately offered, when together in company they proceeded upon their tour of investigation. They took the light out of one of their hall lanterns to enable them to see; also, to assist in their research. As soon as they opened the door, they were directed by the sound to the spot from whence the alarm came.

There, they immediately saw a young female who was the luckless offender. They found her seated in the inside of an old rickety chest, with a broom in her hand, the handle of which she had forced through the aperture, and pushing it up and down very rapidly, and with the greatest diligence. On nearing this fearful object, they soon recognized

it to be no other than Lizzie Gould. She had her eyes wide open, but apparently did not notice their approach.

"Why, Lizzie Gould! is it possible it is you who have been frightening us all, almost to death! Why, what is the matter with you; and what has poor Fanny done, that you are pommelling her after this strange fashion? Say, why don't you speak—stop instantly, I tell you!"

But to all these queries, there was at first no answer; at last she said:

"Why, I am pumping, ma'am! Don't you see, I'm pumping, ma'am?" and then resumed her work.

"Nonsense!" said the teacher, "come down directly and go to bed."

But Lizzie continued plying the broom-handle vigorously, apparently not heeding what she said. The teacher then held the light close to her eyes to ascertain if she was really asleep; for she, as well as those with her, were still incredulous in the matter. As she did not directly blink, they were satisfied that there was no pretence about it. They thereupon shook her; and this, together with the light, and the voices around her, soon aroused the child; and thus this affair ended.

At another time, she put her companions in a fright, by screaming out in her sleep, that she was on fire; and several times by walking about the dormitory, and occasionally passing her hand over

the faces of one and another of her sleeping school-mates. These propensities were a great annoyance, and gave considerable trouble; but of the latter one, however, somnambulism, I believe, they succeeded in curing her—at least, the means they used proved an effectual remedy while she remained in the Institution. They placed a tub of cold water by the side of her bed, which, when she stepped into, always directly awakened her. Yet this had to be done after she was asleep, or it proved of no avail whatever; for if she knew to a certainty of this vessel being there, she would carefully avoid putting her foot into it.

But this witch of a girl did many more queer things while she stayed at Bethlehem, yet only one more will I mention, which resulted in causing greater alarm on her account, than any thing else which I can remember concerning her.

She climbed up into a crab-apple tree, which was on an unenclosed lot near Squire Horsefield's house, and, if I recollect right, situated on the very brink of a hill which overlooked Water street, and the mill-stream below. But she happened to get upon a branch not sufficiently strong to bear her weight. In consequence, she had scarcely perched herself upon it ere she found it cracking under her, and both were speedily rolling down the declivity to the bottom, which brought her close to the river. Quite a number of persons saw the accident, and with anxious fear, they gathered around her, when they

directly perceived that the poor girl was really badly hurt. She could not move, and groaned terribly. Some one immediately ran for the doctor, while another went to Brother Steinhaur, and both were upon the spot as quickly as possible. The former discovered, that, besides being considerably bruised, she had fractured two limbs. I think they were an arm and a leg.

As quickly after as it could be done, Brother Steinhaur had arranged with two strong men, who took Lizzie under their charge, and carefully conveyed her to the sick room of the Institution, where she was long confined to her bed, when her wild nature, for the time being, became considerably subdued. Yet, as soon as she got sufficiently better to sit up, her natural gayety of spirits, together with inclination to mischief, returned. Indeed, she was so lively and pleasant, so full of funny sayings and drolleries, as to cause infinite amusement to all who came about her. But when she had entirely recovered, upon the representation of the Principal, her friends removed her from the school.

"Yet remember, Lizzie Gould, that we all love you," said one of her kind teachers at parting; "but it is best, my dear child, that you leave us; far better than to remain here, and perhaps break your neck."

DADDY THOMAS.

THERE is scarcely an individual living, who so-journed any length of time at Bethlehem during the first quarter of this century, and for many years antecedent to it, especially those who were at all interested in the school, either as visitor or pupil, but must, methinks, have seen, if not made the acquaintance of this venerable, excellent old man; for he was one of the natural curiosities of the place, also the appointed guide of the stranger through the town—a living chronicler of its history from the very commencement—besides the glad messenger to the girls of the arrival of their respective friends, as well as the bearer of their letters, to and from the Post Office.

I have been told, he made himself very popular with all classes of society by his primitive simplicity of character, excessive good humor, and sociability of disposition; but with none probably was he such a favorite as with the scholars generally, who called him Daddy. Indeed he was the Daddy

of Daddies among the Daddies of Bethlehem to all the young folks there. It being an appellation so universally bestowed upon him, that he was known by no other; and he richly merited this fatherly title, on account of his kind parental manner, though he never had any children of his own.

I believe he followed the trade of a carpenter, and worked industriously at this business when not engaged in the official duties I have specified. He was an illiterate, but not an ignorant man; for he possessed considerable of that knowledge which is better than human learning, and only to be obtained in the school of Christ. Besides, the Daddy possessed a tolerable good memory, which he had well stored with the ecclesiastical history of his church, especially that portion of it, as I just intimated, referring more particularly to the settlement of Bethlehem—and being very familiar with every nook and corner of the place, could give an account of all its inhabitants from the oldest to the youngest—besides, knew numerous anecdotes of the people, also of the customs and manners which marked the early history of that town. These various circumstances made him altogether a very desirable companion to the stranger at Bethlehem, who had become interested, and wished to obtain correct information upon the subject.

In fact, my impression of him is, that he was truly a primitive Moravian, such as I love to fancy the fathers of the modern church of the Society;

simple in his habits, possessing fervent and child-like piety of trusting faith, and full of charity and kindly feelings to everybody. Added to this, he maintained that peculiar quaintness of style of dress, speech, manner and way of thinking, which used to characterize the members of this denomination; yet with this difference, that they were practised by him in several respects more irregularly than usual, owing to some little eccentricities appertaining to the good man himself.

I allude particularly to his general appearance, to which he gave less attention than was usual among their people. Indeed he cared so little about the outward adornings of his person, that, although I do not like to acknowledge it, from the respect and love I bear his memory, yet truth compels me to admit that the good old Daddy was inclined to be somewhat careless with respect to himself. In consequence of this infirmity, or rather eccentricity of character, his wife, as long as she lived, and afterwards his adopted daughter, considered it a necessary duty whenever he was called upon to accompany visitors through the place, to take it upon themselves to put him in a proper condition for the purpose. I have been informed that very good-naturedly he submitted, like a well trained child, to be washed, combed, brushed, dressed and barberized, in order to be presentable for the occasion; to look smart to the grand folk, as he used to term his fashionable company. And these were the pre-

parations usually made with our dear old Daddy, when about attending to his official duties.

I knew him only a few years before his decease, at the very close of his life. At this period, in consequence of his advanced age, he had become exceedingly feeble, which of course incapacitated him from attending to any business whatever, and fully prepared and perfectly willing, he was calmly waiting the summons to his eternal rest. His wife, I believe, had long since died, which left him altogether in the charge of the adopted daughter I mentioned, who was the child of a deceased missionary of the church. This duty, methinks, must have been quite agreeable, since, notwithstanding his infirmities, the Daddy continued amiable, affectionate, and cheerful. In addition, like kind-hearted people generally, he retained his partiality for children, and maintained his popularity among them by his pleasantries towards them. With the little girls especially, he was a great favorite. They were always pleased to pass his door in the hope of seeing him, or to encounter him in their walks, when, as soon as they espied the good old man, they were wont to run up to him, while many of their voices would simultaneously shout out, "Daddy Thomas! dear old Daddy, how do you do?"

This exclamation would immediately cause him to halt, turn his head in the direction they were, and in a very tremulous voice reply, "Well, well, who is it that axes for me? you know my sight is getting dim now."

"It is us, Daddy! dear Daddy!"

"Whatty, whatty, my dear children! I am right glad to see you;" then leaning his aged and worn-out frame for support upon his staff, he would smile as he surveyed the gathering of young faces around him. "The Lord bless you, my dear children; your presence is right welcome to my old eyes," after which, taking the hand of each, he cordially pressed it, and said some more kind words; and it may be he did this to some whom he had never seen before, and who joined the others of their school-mates, either from curiosity, or the better motive of seeking the kindly notice and benediction of this excellent old Daddy.

"But, dear Daddy, how are you, really? pretty well, I hope!"

"Yes, pretty and well both, my dear children; and you all are so too, I see."

"But do kiss us, dear Daddy, won't you?"

"Why I don't know that I can, my dear; it is against our rules, it is forbidden fruit, my child; and I may be hauled over the coals if I do," was sometimes the answer, which would make the girls laugh.

"Never fear, Daddy Thomas, we will prevent that, for none of us will tell."

And then it was amusing how the old man would pretend to be really afraid that he would run the risk of getting himself into trouble should he do so; and would look anxiously around to see

if any person belonging to the Society were observing him.

"But we must have a kiss, dear Daddy, indeed we must have one."

"Well then, there is no other way but to steal it, my dear children," holding his cheek to us the while. Thereupon we all did kiss the venerable old man, though perhaps his beard was full an inch long.

I remember sometimes he answered our inquiries concerning himself by saying: "I am pretty hearty considering how well stricken in years I am;" or, "you see I am here yet, and as long as I can, I shall be glad to see you, my dear children; and I feel weaker and weaker, but yet strong enough to shake hands with you all;" and then after, "The Lord bless you all," we would leave him, and he would totter away, his aged and withered form bent over with the weight of about four-score years, leaning heavily upon his cane.

This good old man, besides being one of the curiosities of the place at this time, also, a connecting link with a past generation of the olden times of the church, its customs and its people, was a great attraction to visitors, many of whom had heard of him from relations and friends who had been there years before, and had made his acquaintance. But presently we did not meet him any more, the reason being, that increasing feebleness so impaired his powers of locomotion as to prevent it.

But notwithstanding so infirm in body, the mental powers of the Daddy remained unclouded, though somewhat impaired by his extreme old age. Yet he continued serene and happy in mind, and was still a cheerful and entertaining companion. But his memory, as might have been expected, failed considerably. It must have been about this time, and I think not long before he died, that the following circumstance occurred.

He was sitting eating one of his meals, probably his dinner, and just engaged in picking a bone, when the door of his apartment opened to receive a party of visitors, consisting of a gentleman and lady with several children. They were non-residents, and had but recently arrived in the place.

As soon as they had entered, the lady, who was elegantly dressed, quickened her pace, and advanced to the old man, saying in delightful tones: "Is this dear old Daddy Thomas?" at the same moment smiling and extending her hand.

The Daddy dropped his bone upon the plate, and looked up at the speaker. "Yes, my child, it is the Daddy; but my sight is so poor now, and my memory is getting so bad, that I really do not know who you are."

"I will certainly excuse you for that, Daddy Thomas," replied the lady, "for it is really such a long time since you have seen me, that I could scarcely hope that you would be able to recognize me, at least in appearance; and I am very much

changed since then, for I was but a child at that time. But don't you remember little Lina?"

"Lina," repeated the old man, "Lina;" then shook his head and remained a space lost in thought.

"Yes, Lina," said the lady, "the little girl whose papa and mamma pleased you so much with the snuff-box full of snuff, and the tea which they brought you. Don't you remember this?"

But the Daddy's mind continued in a haze upon the subject, and he did not answer. The lady however continued:

"Don't you recollect how you went with us through the Sisters' House, their garden, and the church? and besides, showed us the first house built in Bethlehem, and the place or bed, I forget which, where Count Zinzendorf usually slept when he was here, and some other things which at present I cannot recall to my mind. Dear Daddy, surely you do not forget all this? Now don't you remember me?"

"Perhaps so," said the venerable man, hesitatingly. "It may be that I will after awhile, my child; but I cannot say certainly that I do so yet."

"Oh, do try, dear Daddy Thomas, for I cannot bear to think that I have entirely passed from your remembrance."

"Well, I really do not yet know if I can;" but as he said this, he fixed his eyes upon the countenance of a little girl opposite, and seemed to regard her with considerable attention.

A thought suddenly passed through the lady's mind. Hereupon she beckoned the child to her.

"Perhaps," she continued, "this child will assist your memory, as she is now about the same age, and said to look very much as I did at that time."

The little girl was placed in a way so as to afford the best possible view of her. Then suddenly the old man's countenance lit up with intelligence, and placing his hand upon the shoulder of the lady, he exclaimed:

"Oh, now I remember! you are talking about my little friend Lina! is that her?"

"Oh no!" said the lady, "but a child of hers. I am Lina, and these are my children; and this is my husband, Mr. C.

"Oh, now I understand!" replied the Daddy. Whereupon the gentleman shook hands with the old man, and so did the children; then he kissed the latter, all in turn, notwithstanding his greasy mouth and hands, for in the excitement of the moment, he had forgotten to wipe either; and worse than all in consequence, he had left the mark of his fingers upon the beautiful and costly cashmere shawl which the lady had on.

Yes, there it was upon the shoulder, the whole of that venerable hand; and so conspicuously developed, that it did not escape the observation of even the old Daddy himself, who seemed very much mortified at the circumstance. As soon as

the lady perceived this, she very good-naturedly made light of the occurrence ; and his feelings were calmed by her repeated assurance that it was no matter at all ; and upon his asking whether the stain could be removed by washing, she only smiled as she replied, " that she did not care whether it could or not, nor did she mean to try ; indeed she considered her shawl now more valuable than ever, since it had the print of dear old Daddy Thomas's good old hand upon it."

This is a well-substantiated anecdote ; and I have no doubt of the truth of it, in all its essential particulars.

Daddy Thomas died, I believe, only a short time after it occurred, and his end corresponded with his tranquil, peaceful, and inoffensive life.

THE END.

3866

